



No. 224.—VOL. XVIII.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 12, 1897.

SIXPENCE.
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MISS KATE CUTLER AS THE FRENCH MAID, AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MADAME GARET-CHARLES, REGENT'S PARK, N.W.

ABOUT THE THEATRES.

What a tremendous study is John Gabriel Borkman of the rare class of men who may be hounded down to posterity as scoundrels, or handed down as public benefactors, the difference in fate being due not to their characters, but to mere freak of Fortune in the wild game that she plays with human lives! A little luck, a little time, the great *coup* would have

been successful, and John Gabriel would have brought wealth to his country—to himself, too, incidentally. Ill-luck, lack of time, and he caused ruin to thousands, and was almost content to find shelter from his victims within the walls of a prison. The prison, perhaps, was well deserved. Yet one asks how many men who have carried through great schemes and become famous would have been cast into jail justly in the event of failure. It is difficult to do great things with clean hands; but success will cleanse them.

To me this John Gabriel, this Norwegian John Law, was a terrific figure in the book, was

big in the play even when one but heard of him pacing up and down the gallery like a sick wolf—pacing up and down, up and down, and acting over and over again to himself his trial, and finding, quite honestly, a verdict of acquittal. The burden of portraying such a man in the flesh is tremendous. To present him as a vain, self-juggling, unsuccessful trader was comparatively easy; to give to the character its poetry is quite another matter.

For John Gabriel is essentially a poetic figure, or, at least, highly imaginative—your great financier must have immense imagination; indeed, your small one may have it also, twisted. I have listened almost with awe to a snuffy little old man in the commercial-room of the only decent hotel in a country town while he talked of his schemes for amassing wealth, schemes fantastically far-reaching and profound, feasible too, perhaps, if one had but the audacity and the “robust conscience” required in the man to attempt them. It is not merely in the poetic phrases of John Gabriel that one sees this figured imagination. Unfortunately, even such an actor as Mr. W. H. Vernon failed to give the imagination. His John Gabriel was a powerful, interesting study, and, in the last act, of some beauty; nevertheless, the true part remains unacted, perhaps unactable.

The play, when it does not touch on John Gabriel, when it merely concerns the ugly duel between the two old women for Erhart Borkman, the grim comedy of their failure, and the triumph of youth and the fascinating Fanny, hardly shows Ibsen at his best. Though Miss Geneviève Ward and Miss Elizabeth Robins acted very ably, the war remained somewhat obscure. Ella seemed loth to take the audience into her confidence. Yet her scenes with Borkman, when she forces him to realise that his great crime was in casting her and her love away, and his, too, for the sake of ambition, had much of beauty admirably presented. As for pretty Fanny and her fib about her age, her affection for the boisterous boy, and her hideous joke about taking the little pianist as a reserve, I blush for her, though she did bring a ray of light into the “inspissated gloom” of the play, and Mrs. Tree played the part charmingly, if not in the accepted Ibsen mode. Mr. Martin Harvey acted cleverly as the boy, but so robustly that I half feared the gloomy, rotten mansion of the Borkmans would come crashing down, and he was too boyish in manner and appearance. Miss Dora Barton showed that the promise of her childhood will be fulfilled.

After all, the true memory of the piece and performance is the beautiful picture given by Ibsen and Mr. James Welch of the hapless old poet. Here is character-drawing and character-acting of the highest quality, and his scenes will linger in the mind after a thousand pretentious plays have come and gone.

It is curious to turn from the world of gloom in “John Gabriel Borkman” to the gaiety and beauty of “The Yeomen of the Guard.” Yet I must chronicle the fact that, by a clever piece of acting, Mr. Walter Passmore caused the Savoy opera to close with an almost painful note of tragedy. “If the opinion of the revival-night audience be correct, the nine-year-old Savoy piece will cut cruelly into the musical farces that

seem to be the rage. It is very long since I have heard such enthusiastic encores—I fancy that, if only the will of the audience had been concerned, Mr. Passmore and Mr. Lytton would still be accepting encores for the cock-and-bull song and dance.

What a good thing it is to find a public, so apt to give its favour to rubbish, really welcoming a superb work; however, the public's merit is small, since the opera is irresistible, and I cannot imagine the human being who would fail to get pleasure out of it. In a case like this, the memory travels back easily to the real *première* in 1888, and notices that a wise change as regards scenery has been made, and there is now a capital picture of the Tower from the Wharf for the second act. The present company, compared as a whole with the original, comes out fairly, and, indeed, gives an excellent performance. To establish comparisons one by one would be too ungracious. The veterans—I hope that is not a rude phrase to use of a lady—did their work admirably, and great honour was given to the singing of Miss Rosina Brandram and acting of Mr. Richard Temple. I suppose that different opinions will be entertained concerning Madame Palmáy and her Elsie. Some will pretend that the music does not suit her charming voice very well, and that her foreign accent is not quite agreeable in the part; however, her vivacity and cleverness will not be denied by anyone.

Mr. Kenningham was quite at his best in singing, and handled some of his songs charmingly. Miss Florence Perry was a delightful Phœbe—lucky part to have had Miss Jessie Bond and Miss Perry in it. Mr. Lytton is a valuable recruit to the Savoy; his voice seems at times a little too independent—possibly nervousness affected it; but his acting, dancing, and singing were of great value. The part of Jack Point, perhaps, shows Mr. Walter Passmore at his best, and he caused hearty laughter, save in his grim little touch of tragedy. The mounting of the revival is very pretty and effective. “The Yeomen of the Guard” will, I fancy, be one of the great successes of the year.

MONOCLE.

THE NEW GALLERY.

A Supplement reproducing pictures of the New Gallery is published with this issue of *The Sketch*. A general impression of those pictures was given last week. It may suffice to say of Mr. Philip Burne-Jones's picture, a so-called “sensation of the year,” that it deals, as hereditarily it should deal, with symbolism. Upon a grisly bed lies a man dead, a vampire woman bending over the little blood-mark upon his breast through which she has drained his life. Was the symbolism very difficult or deep—did it merit to stir the prophetic soul of a Kipling? There it is, however, and the merely commonplace critic may be allowed to wonder a little, for the picture is not even a melodramatic success. Far more interesting is the symbolic canvas of Baron Arild Rosenkrantz,



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"The Secret," the mere head and shoulders of a girl gleaming from a black-and-blue background, and holding a closed casket just under the chin. In that line of pictorial work and thought, this is perhaps the strongest thing in the gallery, just as Mr. T. C. Gotch's "Jubilate Deo" is beyond all question the weakest.

pleasant; but it is highly gratifying to meet with work like this, of genuine power and significance. Mr. Adrian Stokes sends two Alpine landscapes, painted with great care and accuracy, but a trifle too photographic and unattractively real. Mr. Fernand Khnopff sends an odd "Medusa Sleeping," a woman-bird perched high in darkness and in



MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM, NOW APPEARING IN "THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. CASWALL SMITH, OXFORD STREET, W.

In landscape, or in works more or less imaginative and not symbolical, one must note prominently the names of Mr. Edward Stott, Mr. Wetherbee, and Mr. Fred Hall. Mr. Edward Stott's "A Summer Idyll" is exceedingly pretty and graceful, and Mr. Hall's cattle are, perhaps, the strongest things he has ever done in oils. The extreme violet of his shadows and even of his sunlight is perhaps not altogether

slumber, a work which would be more impressive without the suggestion it gives of fashionably upholstered sleeves at the feathered shoulders. Finally, Mr. Alfred East and Mr. Moffat Lindner, though not perhaps up to their best level, send excellently sound work in landscape; and Mr. Waterhouse once more distinguishes himself by some exquisite passages of colour in his "Mariana in the South."

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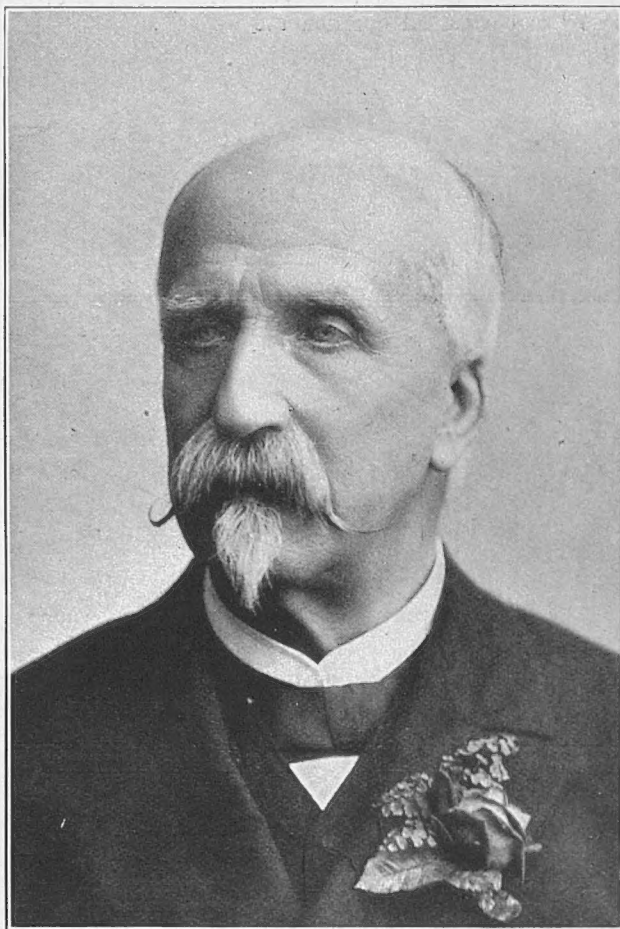


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"To the Directors of DONALD SMITH, LIMITED.

"GENTLEMEN,—We have examined the accounts relating to the business carried on by Mr. DONALD SMITH at 169 to 171, Upper Street, Islington, and also the neighbouring business carried on under the style of LUPTON BROTHERS, at 173 and 174, Upper Street, Islington, for the two years ending Dec. 31, 1896, and we hereby certify that the net yearly profits of the combined businesses is £3010 13s. 9d.—We are, Gentlemen, your obedient servants.

"PERCY MASON and CO., Chartered Accountants."

It will thus be seen that, after payment of the dividends on the Preference Shares, there is already sufficient net profit to pay a dividend of £8 per cent. on the Ordinary Shares. The business is, however, rapidly increasing, and it should be mentioned that Donald Smith's books alone contain the names of about 20,000 customers.

The working Directors actually engaged in the business have agreed not to take any Directors' Fees until and so long as the Ordinary Shareholders receive 7 per cent. dividend.

Barnsbury Hall lies at the back of the main shops, but is in direct communication and can be utilised as a splendid additional sale-room.

If the whole amount applied for by any applicant be not allotted, the surplus amount paid on application will be appropriated to the balance payable on the Shares allotted. When no allotment is made the deposits will be returned in full.

The whole of the expenses of registration and formation of the Company, up to the date of allotment, will be paid by the Vendor.

The Contract for sale and purchase is dated the 3rd day of May, 1897, and is made between the said Donald Smith of the one part, and E. J. Webber, as Trustee for the Company, of the other part.

An Agreement has also been entered into, dated the 3rd day of May, 1897, between the Company of the one part, and the said Donald Smith of the other part, that he will become the Managing Director after allotment.

There are also the ordinary trade Contracts necessary for the working of the concern, which include agreements with employees, customers, and others, which cannot in the interests of the Company be specified, and there may be also other Contracts relating to the formation of the Company and otherwise, which technically fall within Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867. Subscribers will be held to have had notice of all these Contracts, and to have waived all rights to be supplied with particulars of the same, and to have agreed with the Company, as Trustee for the Directors and other persons liable, not to make any claim whatsoever, or to take any proceedings under the said Section in respect of any non-compliance therewith.

No promotion money has been or will be paid, and no Shares have been underwritten by the Company.

Applications for Shares should be made on the forms accompanying the Prospectus, and forwarded to the Bankers of the Company with the amount of the deposit.

Copies of the Prospectus, with Forms of Application for Shares, can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, or from their Bankers, Broker, or Solicitors.

The Memorandum and Articles of Association, the Contracts for Purchase, and the engagement of the Managing Director, and also the Auditors' Certificate specified above, can be seen at the Offices of the Solicitors to the Company.

May 3, 1897.

No.....

The List will close on or before May 13, 1897.

DONALD SMITH, LIMITED.

Issue of 20,000 Ordinary Shares.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR ORDINARY SHARES.

To the Directors of DONALD SMITH, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,—Having paid to your Bankers to the account of DONALD SMITH, LIMITED, the sum of £....., as a deposit of 5s. per Share on Ordinary Shares of £1 each, I request you to allot me that number of Shares, and I agree to accept the same, or any smaller number that may be allotted to me, subject to the Memorandum and Articles of Association, and upon the terms of the Prospectus dated the 3rd May, 1897. I authorise you to place my name on the Register of Members in respect of the Shares so to be allotted to me, and engage to pay the further instalments upon such allotted Shares as the same shall become due, in default of which my previous payments shall be liable to forfeiture; and I declare that I waive all right to any further particulars of the contracts specified or referred to in the said Prospectus, whether with reference to Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867, or otherwise, and I desire the allotment to be made on that footing.

Name (in full).....

Address.....

Description.....

Ordinary Signature.....

If a female, whether Spinster or Wife.....

Date.....1897.

SMALL TALK.

The restored Chapter House of Canterbury Cathedral, which is to be reopened by the Prince of Wales on May 29, is not, perhaps, quite so striking or interesting in its architecture as that of York, Salisbury, or Westminster Abbey, but it has, nevertheless, an interest and character of its own, and of it an authority on our English Cathedrals wrote as follows some years ago—

A lofty apartment, ninety-two feet by thirty-seven in dimension, having on either side a continued series of pillars and arches rising from the stone seats upon which the monks formerly sat in full chapter. At the eastern end is a throne, or enriched stall, for the Prior. The erection of the Chapter House appears to have been in progress during the time that intervened from Prior Enstry to Prior Chillenden. At the eastern and western extremities are corresponding windows, bearing the names and arms of Chillenden; that on the west contains some remains of its original painted glass. The ceiling forms an elegant vault, enriched with gilded ribs on a white ground, having roses, stars, and shields at the intersections. Here also are heraldic embellishments of King Henry the Fourth's time. The floor of the room is formed chiefly of large monumental slabs of marble, stripped of their brasses, which were removed from the nave of the church.

The other afternoon I had quite a new experience, and a historic house—one built by the "Wicked Marquis of Rockingham," in Grafton Street—a providential escape. Folks often complain of the unexciting nature of afternoon teas; but the afternoon tea in the house I refer to on that particular day was interrupted by the information that the roof was on fire. Ascending to those heights, we found smoke issuing from under the slates, and the removal of one or two of these latter disclosed a smouldering fire among the rafters. The Fire Brigade was, therefore, rung up, and the inhabitants of usually quiet Grafton Street were gratified with the sight of a considerable crowd and the arrival of numerous engines. The firemen, I am happy to say, made short work of the business, cutting away the roof and extinguishing the fire that must have smouldered for a considerable time. The cause of the outbreak remains somewhat a mystery; but if, as was suggested, it was burning soot from a chimney blown under a loose slate, a new terror is added to our existence, for we can hardly depute a domestic to sit on the roof and watch for "sparks," though she may have no objection to watching for them in the area. At the same time, people who desire a sensation might arrange for a roof-fire on their afternoons. The arrival of a crowd and fire-engines is always an exciting and inspiring event.

Here is a curious Jubilee suggestion, namely, that the tower of the Houses of Parliament should be illuminated with a crown of electric



A JUBILEE SUGGESTION.
Drawn by A. Fairfax-Muckley.

light, with the letters F.D., Defender of the Faith, beaming down. This would give a magnificent effect, as seen from the river, and at night-time, the supports of the device being invisible, the crown would appear as if

suspended in the air above the tower. The Houses of Parliament are in a sense the centre of the Empire, and therefore a most appropriate building for such an illumination.

Mr. Fred Hyland is doing some good posters, that of the *Lady's Realm* being a fair sample. This magazine, I may add, is still being beautifully printed. In the current issue Mr. G. F. Lees deals with Sarah Bernhardt. There is a timely article on the Greek royal family, full of interesting detail, which forms a pleasant background to the terrible stories of war. The women's work at the Victorian Era Exhibition is briefly sketched by Lady Cork. Lady Mabel Howard, the Dean of Rochester, Eric Mackay, Rhoda Broughton, and Mr. E. F. Benson also figure among the contributors.

Speaking of posters, I ought to have noticed that the Circus Girl picture, which I recently reproduced, is the work of Mr. Dominic Angelo Hand.

Wretched prices were fetched at the sale of part of Sir Augustus Harris's library. It was bad enough, for sentimental reasons, at any rate, that his own private copies of many pantomimes and plays produced at Old Drury "went for nothing," so to speak; but surely Larousse's colossal and most useful "Encyclopædic Dictionary" should have fetched more than eight pounds, and it is heartrending to hear of a complete illustrated edition of Balzac in twenty volumes being sold for a trifle over five pounds. "Collectors" are welcomed as buyers, but when it comes to selling the boot gets shifted on to the other leg.

Touring dioramas, like Animated Photographs, are now kept wonderfully well up to date. The Bombardment of Canea is forming an attractive item in an exhibition of the former class, and I suppose we shall have the Flight from Larissa treated pictorially before very long.

An Indian correspondent eulogises his Highness the Mahaindra Maharaja Lokpal-Sinhá Joo Deva Bahadur, the present King of Panna, thus—

His Highness is the second son of Maharaj Nirpat Sinhá, who had saved several valuable European lives during the horrible Mutiny of 1857 A.D., and younger brother and successor of Mahaindra Maharaj Rudrapratap Sinhá, K.C.S.I., seeing the well to do of his States reduced to poverty and poor to starvation owing to the continual scarcity of grains for three years in Bundelkhand has ordered construction of a large tank at the expense of three lacks of rupees to serve the public relief and with an idea of supplying filtered water to the town by pipes. To keep the tank unexhausted the spot selected is a higher ground, on two sides walled by mountain and a stream running through it. His Highness has got repaired all the roads running over the tericus and wonderful heights of Bisramgaeya, which has afforded great facility and safety to travellers and traders, and also a relief to mountaineers who inhabit the vicinity. Besides the above deeds of benevolence and philanthropy, his Highness keeps open a house where the old and the infirm, the blind and the lame, as well as those too weak to work, are daily fed; and another house where flour and other necessities are distributed to religious mendicants of any religion and poor travellers who cannot accept cooked food. His Highness also keeps open a furnished bungalow for Europeans, to save them any trouble amongst a people majority of whom do not know English. In these days of summer this year, when whole India is sadly crying against scarcity of water, his Highness has devised a very simple plan of supplying water to the town, for which he is much praised by all. Seeing that the aforesaid tank could not be serviceable this year, his Highness has got constructed a very long, narrow receptacle for water from a tank to the chief wells of the town, which remain unexhausted, since water being raised by an engine working in the tank is poured in them through this narrow ditch. It won't be too much to say that almost the fecility of rains has been enjoyed by Panna people, in this crisis by this successful time-serving patch. His Highness is also getting erected a market in the town on a new model, which will greatly enhance the town's beauty, and might, if his Highness would have the same regard for his States, he will make his capitol a trading centre in Bundelkhand. We heartily congratulate Maharaj Lokpal-Sinhá (lit. "Protector of a World"), whose name is self-significant, on his becoming aims, and wish him every success, long life, and prosperity. We do as well remind his Highness that his whole services will not only bring him Heavenly bliss, which all long for, but are likely to bring upon him higher honours from our Government, which has a keen regard for every noble and exemplary deed like his.



May-Day was, as usual, a great occasion at Whitelands College. The students, a hundred and seventy in number, looked very charming in their white dresses, with heliotrope and gold-coloured ribbons. Crowned with garlands of ivy, they assembled in the large hall, where



THE MAY QUEENS OF 1893 TO 1897 AT WHITELANDS COLLEGE, CHELSEA.
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

the May-Queen for the past year, Miss Edith Desborough, abdicated the throne, this event being followed by songs, choruses, and dances, including the Maypole dance. Next came the elaborate ceremony of crowning and enthroning the popularly elected Queen for the ensuing year, Miss Elsie Wilkes. A procession, headed by the Queen and five ex-Queens, was formed and passed through various corridors into the main building, and when the Queen had taken her seat on the throne all her subjects passed before her, doing obeisance. The festivities were concluded by the distribution of fifty-three volumes of Mr. Ruskin's works, given by the author, to the Queen's favourites among the senior students.

Apropos of Mr. W. J. Lawrence's recent article on "The Dawn of Sir Henry," a correspondent writes me—

I felt a thrill of pride, when reading Mr. Lawrence's note, in remembering that some forty-odd years ago I "strutted and fretted" an hour upon the amateur stage with our great Sir Henry, then John Henry Brodribb, as a member of the City Elocution Class. He was then about sixteen years of age, certainly a born actor, the genius of our little coterie of dramatic students, all very earnest and sincere, submitting to each other's criticism of elocutionary efforts, the difficulties of the aspirate, the true sounds of vowels, and the modulation and inflection of the voice. Our entertainments at Sussex Hall, when we invited our friends—great nights for us—enabled us to present those capital old farces and one-act pieces now but seldom seen or heard of: "The Spitalfields Weaver," "Box and Cox," "A Silent Woman," "Who Speaks First?" "My Wife's Dentist," "Little Toddlekins," "The Man with the Carpet-Bag," "The Wandering Minstrel," &c.; Scenes from "The Poor Gentleman," "The Iron Chest," "The Rivals," "The School for Scandal," "Julius Cæsar," and recitations from "Ingoldsby Legends," and the stock pieces of the recitation books or readers. And all the while there was the future Sir Henry in our midst, speaking his piece with the rest of us, but even then, when one reflects upon it, showing signs of the genius of which he has since given such distinct and convincing evidence. With Mr. Lawrence, one wonders after forty-odd years what became of the future Sir Henry Irving's class-mates. Delightful, mercurial, and highly gifted Henry Thomas, the master of the class, and his charming wife are now no more. Mr. W. H. Norris, a most talented singer of comic songs and a capital low-comedian, after a struggle on the regular boards, drifted to the music-hall, and his record becomes lost. Mr. Dyall, who played Sir Anthony to young Brodribb's Captain Absolute in 1854, is the well-known Art Curator at Liverpool. History repeats itself, and quite recently Mr. H. B. Irying and Mr. Frank Dyall, sons of the two Sussex amateurs of old, played together in "The Prisoner of Zenda," at the St. James's. It is a delightful trait in the character of the most remarkably successful actor of this or any other age that he remembers with the most loyal regard the old associates of his youth. The humble companions of his early career as an actor have good cause to know his goodness of heart and unbounded generosity, and, amid the splendid triumphs of his unparalleled experience, it is certain that he looks back with pleasure to the dear old days when he was the Roscius of the City Elocution Class.

The Society of the Colonial Dames of the State of New York, one of the many similar institutions to which I have often referred with amusement, is undertaking a very useful and much-needed work—that of bringing together the materials for a Museum of Colonial History, to be

finally lodged in the beautiful old Van Cortlandt mansion at Albany. The house is to be carefully restored to what it was in the good old days when the Duke of Clarence (afterwards George IV.) was received there as an honoured guest. The up-to-date Yankee damsel will be able to see what a colonial kitchen was like, with its crane, trammels, pot-hooks, and old-world turnspits. Many interesting and valuable relics will gradually find their way to the museum; but the Colonial Dames have another notable piece of work in hand—that of the publication of the old Dutch wills kept in the Albany Archives. These three hundred and fifty ladies have accomplished a good deal during the four years that they have been banded together, and the society is one of the most striking testimonies to the abundant energy and practical intelligence of modern American womanhood.

More infant prodigies—American again, of course! The six-year-old Chicago authoress has a rival in the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt. Together with the aid of her cousins, the children of a well-known Washington clergyman, Miss Gladys is editing a paper called *Spring Blossoms*. Its publication has for object that of raising money for the Easter offering of a Sunday School. The ten-year-old editress is a frequent contributor to her own periodical. It is curious to note how the public press of a country influences its children. *Spring Blossoms* is almost entirely made up of "personal" matter, and little Gladys has already grasped the fact that to succeed in American journalism there is nothing like being up to date.

Mr. B. L. Farjeon's son has carried off the Goring Thomas Prize for composition at the Royal Academy of Music—the first time it has been awarded, though it has been offered for competition twice before. The younger Farjeon based his work, I hear, on Longfellow's "The Spanish Student."

The Jubilee is being celebrated at Bournemouth. Dr. and Mrs. J. Atkinson Hosker last week inaugurated an interesting series of celebrations in honour of the great event. It seems to be their large-hearted intention that all classes, ages, and conditions of the inhabitants of this charming health-resort shall participate in the festivities; and on Tuesday week the entertainment took the form of a children's fancy-dress ball. There were about six hundred little ones present, and the costumes were both diversified and costly. Indeed, the general *tout ensemble* was a brilliant spectacle. It is said that the happy suggestion, out of which proceeded this successful and gratifying gathering, emanated from Mrs. Hosker, who enjoys a considerable measure of popularity in Bournemouth. Mr. Dan Godfrey junior directed the Town Band, and the scene of the "march past" the Civic Chair, arranged by Mr. Sydney A. Foreman, of the Bournemouth Winter Gardens, was a most pleasant one.



THE MAYORESS OF BOURNEMOUTH.

THE CHILDREN'S FANCY-DRESS BALL AT BOURNEMOUTH.

Photographs by Miell and Ridley, Bournemouth.



MASTER DICKS AS A CLOWN.



MASTER L. BILES AS PRINCE CHARMING.



MASTER HAWKER AS DR. JIM.



MASTER JARMAN AS A BASUTO WARRIOR.

For a long time dramatic criticism in New York has been in its decadence, but the oldest and greatest of all American critics, Mr. William Winter, has not been drawn into the vortex of personal paragraphing. What little there is of good, wholesome, literary drama in New York may always count on serious treatment from Mr. Winter in the columns of the *Tribune*, and, though he belongs essentially to the old school of critics, there is about his writing a picturesque facility and force which

never fail to attract readers. Willie Winter, as he is popularly called, has grown grey in the service of the drama and literature. He is nearly sixty-two years of age. With his fine head of almost snow-white hair, which never knows a parting, and moustache to match, and with his big eyes looking kindly from a delicately moulded face, he makes a familiar figure in the New York theatres. Since he published his first book, in Boston in 1854, his pen has not been still. For thirty-seven years he has been a dramatic critic, and all but five years of that period have been spent in the service of the *Tribune*. Outside the newspaper office, he has written numerous volumes of prose and poetry. In the dramatic profession he has



MENU OF THE WINTER BANQUET.

acted as the biographer of Booth, Jefferson, Curtis, Irving, Brougham, Anderson, Arnold, and O'Brien, and in prose and poetry his books include "Shakspeare's England," "Shadows of the Stage," "Wanderers," "Gray Days and Gold," "Brown Heath and Bluebell," and "Old Shrines and Ivy." He is best-known, however, as a dramatic critic, and as such he has a curious way of doing his work. On a first night he stands at a stone counter in the business office of the *Tribune*, writes on very small strips of paper, and sends each, as it is completed, up to the editorial rooms by tube. The small sheets are here pasted together, and they reach the compositors in yards.

Recently the Lotos Club, of New York, banqueted Mr. Winter as a tribute to his literary worth. To be the guest of the Lotos Club is a distinction which many literary men covet and few achieve. It is about the highest compliment that can be paid a man of letters in America. The dinner given to Mr. Winter was one of the most enthusiastic of its kind that has ever taken place within the club walls. The dining-hall was crowded with representatives from all the arts and professions, and each member of the company was presented with two interesting and artistic souvenirs of the occasion. One was an illustrated menu of two pages, enclosed in thick red covers and placed in a deeper-red envelope. The border round the menu gave the names of Mr. Winter's books, which were typified by appropriate wreaths of leaves and flowers. On the opposite page was an admirable engraving, illustrating a few poetic lines of Mr. Winter's underneath. The other souvenir was a small box containing an ice-cream. On the top of the box was a quill pen, a small bottle of "William Winter's best dramatic ink," and a scroll of paper with the familiar inscription "The pen is mightier than the sword," the last word being represented by a miniature sword capable of being worn in the necktie. The guest of the evening made a charming speech, and closed with a poem on "Memory," which he had composed for the occasion.

Joseph Jefferson bears his advancing years remarkably well, and appeared at the dinner, for he and Winter have been acquainted for fully forty years. They were together in England on the trip which resulted in that delightful book of Winter's—so widely read in America—"Shakspeare's England." The old actor has an undying taste for Warwick ale. On a first taste of it, after he and Winter had inspected the church and grave of the bard, they fell victims to its seductive influence, and the result was thus humorously described by Jefferson: "We drank the potent ale of England until in the end I found my friend embracing an ivy-vine with all the affection of a poet, while I was weeping over the death of a man I had never heard of." There were shouts of laughter at this. Willie Winter ventured to question Jefferson's accuracy of statement, when the latter remarked, "Well, then, truth must be stranger than fiction." "A year after that day," added the actor, "my son, who to-day is twenty-one years of age, was christened in the Stratford Church, and was named William Winter."

Field-Marshal Sir Donald Stewart is a favourite at Scottish gatherings in London. He enjoys these festive meetings, and his countrymen are proud to meet the great soldier. Invernessians in the Metropolis dined recently under his chairmanship, when *chicken sauté à l'Inverness* was served as a Scotch course and boy pipers played in the haggis. Sir Donald did not appear, like some of the others present, in Highland dress, with kilt and plaid, but he wore the star and ribbon of his Order. Kinship is easily claimed in the Highlands. Sir Donald has found nearly three thousand relatives in the island of Skye. "Almost every man I met there," he jocularly said, "claimed to be my cousin." This confession

was turned against him at the dinner by Colonel Young. The Field-Marshal was lamenting that so few Highlanders nowadays joined the Army. "Why don't you use your influence with your three thousand cousins?" asked the Colonel. Sir Donald laughed at the prospect. It was noted that when someone referred to Lord Roberts, who served with him in India, he applauded very cordially.

I had long thought that the idea of the maltreatment of trunks and portmanteaux by railway officials was exaggerated. Quite recently I had the opportunity of proving myself wrong. I watched the packing of baggage on a cross-Channel steamer, and I apologise heartily to the apostles of the old humour. I saw the sight by accident, for, wandering along the lower deck, I came suddenly upon a sliding platform reaching from above. Strong men stood at either end, and hurled the luggage, the first sliding it into the depths, the others seizing it at the end of the slide and jerking it into a vast black space where it might suffer the *mal-de-mer* in silence. Big, apoplectic portmanteaux, cumbersome boxes, amorphous dress-baskets, phlegmatic trunks, delicate dressing-cases, one and all were subjected to the same brutal usage. Some stood it with indifference; their breasts were decorated with labels telling of fights with the porter-foe in many parts of the world; a few of the more delicate uttered groans and gasps; one quite succumbed, and would have given up the ghost and its other contents, had not one of the fighting-men seized it, administered a brutal blow on the principle *similia similibus curantur*, and then thrown it on high above its weightier companions to recover from the shock before the next became due.

It was a brilliant fancy-dress ball that Mr. and Mrs. Walter Crane gave on Thursday night in honour of the coming of age of their son Lionel. Mr. Crane figured, in tunic and mantle of white camlet, as Cimabue, and Mrs. Crane was the Rose-Queen. The hero of the night, young Mr. Crane, looked resplendent in a Utopian costume, and Miss Crane was the Herald of the House, in a black skirt and gorgeous tabard tunic of crimson and gold, with cranes emblazoned. No fewer than seven hundred guests were present.

I may also note that the St. John's Wood art-students held a fancy-dress ball in the Portman Rooms last week. Among the artists I noticed some artistes (the "e" makes a great difference), notably Miss Constance Collier. Erstwhile Cleopatra, she now figured as Carmen. A tall young man appropriately represented the Record Reign. He was dressed in red, white, and blue. The tabard, which was red bound with gold, was divided into four squares, emblazoned with the battles, soldiers, inventions, statesmen, and leading events of the reign. The hat, which belonged to the period of Richard III., was trimmed with rose, thistle, and shamrock, the legend "God Save the Queen" in gold letters running



INVITATION CARD DESIGNED BY MR. WALTER CRANE.

along the brim. Among the masqueraders I noticed a Crusader, a King of Hearts, a harlequin, a Saxon lady, an Arab boy, an Albanian, and a Jap, while two ladies, who went back to the wardrobe of 1800 and 1840, rivalled those who looked to Sheridan and Goldsmith for the charm of the picturesque.

The Dublin Metropolitan Police are to be congratulated on their success in ambulance work in the general competition held in connection with the Imperial Victorian Exhibition, which Princess Christian opened at the Crystal Palace on Thursday. Three hundred and fifty teams



THE DUBLIN METROPOLITAN POLICE AMBULANCE CORPS.
Photo by Dr. Dalton Pratt, Lower Fitzwilliam Street, Dublin.

competed throughout the country. These were weeded down to five, and Dublin came out top. The team, which is composed of splendid-looking fellows, has been trained by Dr. Dalton Pratt.

All men speak well of Sir Matthew White Ridley. The same cannot be said of Mr. Chamberlain. There is no comparison between the Parliamentary capacity of the two men, but what the Home Secretary lacks in debating skill he makes up in amiability. Sir Matthew is the conciliatory member of the Government. His speeches are clumsy, but they have an air of honesty and straightforwardness. It used to be said that Lord Althorp was so poor a speaker that he could not order his own dinner. Yet very few Parliamentarians have equalled the influence of Lord Spencer's ancestor. His transparent character commended him even to opponents. It is the same in the case of Sir Matthew White Ridley. "There is no member of the Government," remarked an occupant of the front Opposition bench to a friend in the Lobby, "whom we respect and trust more than Sir Matthew." This was said after the Home Secretary had introduced the Employers' Liability Bill. The Opposition leaders didn't like the Bill, but they liked its sponsor. He has drawn to himself, during the present Parliament, the friendly feeling of the House of Commons. A good business-man, a moderate party-man, he does not shine in debate, and never interferes outside his own department; but he has proved a competent administrator, and he showed his courage, at least, by liberating the so-called political prisoners on his own responsibility.

Although Sir Matthew White Ridley has proved a perfect Home Secretary, this is not the post for which he was originally designed by the Unionist chiefs. They ran him during the last Parliament as their nominee for the Speakership. But all's well that ends well. The Unionist leaders have had no reason to complain of Mr. Gully's Speakership. If ever Mr. Balfour said an ungentlemanly thing, it was when he informed the House during the contest for the Chair that he had "not the honour to know Mr. Gully." He knows Lord Peel's successor very well now, and no one appreciates him more highly. Sir Matthew White Ridley could not have done better in the Chair. Perhaps he would not have done so well. He is taller, and has a more imposing appearance than Mr. Gully; but his voice is not so clear, nor is his style so neat. Mr. Gully has greatly exceeded expectation, combining Mr. Speaker Brand's suavity with Mr. Speaker Peel's firmness, if not his picturesqueness. It is consoling, therefore, to Unionists to think that their own old nominee for the Chair is now quite at home in Whitehall. Sir Matthew White Ridley's fair, impartial mind is suitably exercised in the business of the Home Office.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach in his Budget speech seemed surprised that the consumption of rum should have added so largely to the country's exchequer during the last year, and expressed his ignorance as to the folks who drank such stuff. Surely Sir Michael might recall the particular "wanity" of Shepherd Stiggins in the immortal "Pickwick Papers," a "wanity" called rum, a "wanity" in which the coachmen of that never-to-be-forgotten period participated. Perhaps, too, he might remember other characters in fiction, such as the skipper in Charles Reade's "Foul Play," who imbibed rum with such remarkable freedom. I fancy the coachmen, bus-drivers, skippers, "sailor men" of the present day still consider rum a precious and particular "wanity," and I have myself on many an early morning expedition taken occasion

to notice the enormous number of customers at early houses of refreshment who take a sample of that liquor modified with half a tumbler of milk. A few days ago the Coroner at an East End inquest on a lady who had an extraordinary penchant for Old Jamaica, remarked that the Chancellor of the Exchequer did not know who drank rum. "Then," remarked an experienced but impolite jurymen, "he's a hass! Them jokers in Parliament don't know nothin'." No one who knows the suave and erudite Sir Michael would endorse this uncomplimentary opinion, but perhaps the Chancellor of the Exchequer will run down East some morning very early and satisfy himself as to the class that consumes this profitable stimulant.

Talking of Chancellors of Exchequer, and their Budgets, I found the other day an interesting memento of a terribly unfortunate Budget which contained the proposal to tax the harmless necessary lucifer-match, and which injured, if I remember rightly, the fortunes of the late "Bobby" Lowe and the Government of which he was a member. It was in 1871 that Mr. Lowe's Budget containing this unfortunate suggestion was introduced, and so certain was the Chancellor of the Exchequer of its passing into law that the Match Stamps were prepared by the Inland Revenue authorities. I reproduce here, for the benefit of my readers, one of these labels, which, by the way, are rather pretty in design, and of a bright-blue colour, and which may certainly be looked on as curiosities. The Match Tax clause raised a tremendous outcry, and was promptly withdrawn, and, if my memory serves me rightly, my contemporary, Mr. Punch, had a delightful cartoon of "Bobby" Lowe as an acrobat, descending among fireworks formed of exploding match-boxes.



I have previously called attention to the excellent work done at the Novelty Theatre, in Great Queen Street, by Mr. Walter Tyrrell and Miss V. St. Lawrence. Since February 1896 they have been steadily engaged in raising the status of that long unfortunate house, and, indeed, for practically a year past they have given constant employment to a stock company. The management's latest move has been to obtain permission from the executors of the late Sir Augustus Harris to perform a large number of the Drury Lane dramas.

In the end of April a most successful entertainment was given on board H.M.S. *Magnificent*, 2nd flagship of the Channel Squadron, at Gibraltar; when the members of the Officers' Dramatic Club produced "Aladdin," which included many up-to-date and naval songs and amusing dialogues. As the night was fine and calm, there was a large attendance of visitors from the shore, including a number of ladies. The quarter-deck was turned into a temporary but most effective theatre, and was prettily decorated. The performance was carried out without a hitch.



Mr. C. G. Hall (policeman).

Lieut. J. C. Kennedy (detective).

"ALADDIN" ON BOARD H.M.S. "MAGNIFICENT."

Every day fencing is gaining popularity as a feminine form of exercise and amusement; and this is not in any sense owing to efforts made by the mythical New Woman, of whom we hear so much and see so little. German women of rank have long been expert swordswomen, and in America fencing is the fad of the moment, many of the wealthier girls of New York society indulging themselves in private fencing-halls. The champion swordswoman of the world, Jaguarina, is of mixed British and Spanish parentage. She is known all over the States, and has accepted challenges from many notable fencers and swordsmen. She learnt to fence from her mother, and, unlike most fencing experts, she is an admirable rider. Jaguarina was brought up in a convent, but ever since she left school she has devoted her whole life to her favourite accomplishment. She teaches fencing, and has done much to make the foils popular among American women; indeed, so delighted with her were the Baltimore ladies that they lately presented her with a very handsome pin. Of course there is no doubt that for those who can stand the excessive expenditure of muscular energy, fencing is a splendid form of exercise; it develops the figure and hardens the muscles. I shall be curious to see if fencing becomes as popular among our *jeunesse dorée* as cycling now is.

There is a new answer to the eternal question, "What shall we do with our girls?" "Make mining experts of them," says Mrs. A. K. Rikert, the notable woman miner who during the last fourteen years has been prospecting and developing the mineral resources of California. Seriously, there seems no reason why a girl with a scientific and adventurous turn of mind should not make her livelihood in this fashion. Mrs. Rikert discovered the famous Alhambra Mine, and she was among the first to discover the new Alamo diggings in Lower California. She does not only prospect for gold and silver; she lately discovered a borax-mine. She is now training her young daughter to follow in her footsteps. The lady prospector of the future will have one great advantage over her male comrade; she will not, as so many of them do, have taken up gold-prospecting after having tried every other means of earning a livelihood. Curiously enough, Mrs. Rikert was not brought up to her present form of work. She was the daughter of a wealthy cotton-planter, and she was already a widow when she made up her mind that the only way to retrieve her lost fortunes would be by taking up some new kind of subject not generally attempted by women.

I am truly sorry that Mr. Bayard has left us. On Friday night he was entertained by his fellow-countrymen in London at the Hotel Cecil, and on Saturday, when he was to leave with the *St. Louis* from Southampton, he

was to be presented with an address from the local Chamber of Commerce. I hope that Mr. Bayard will not desert us quite, for he has endeared himself, like some of his predecessors, to English people.

A perfervid Scot writes me—

In *The Sketch* I read, "Greece's tribute to a great Englishman." Who is this? Certainly not the name you put after it—Lord Byron never was an Englishman, thank goodness! He had rather many brains to be of that class. I think it hardly fair that you should go on insulting Scotland in such a manner as talking of England's this, England's that, and England's the other thing.

Apropos of the mysterious postcard which I reproduced last week about my review of "Ziska," the indefatigable Mr. Drummond, of Hetton-le-Hole, writes—

In looking more closely at the fac-simili, iz yur critic's critic not caut in speling *criticism*? It iz corect, acording tu the customary way ov speling it, but I think the riter omitted tu insert the "i" after "t," which seemz tu hav been "dropt in" when crosing the "t." If examind it wil be observd ther iz no stroke from "t" tu "i," or down stroke from "i" tu "c," consequently no spase between the up and down strokes, cleerly shoing speling iz not a natural effort, even in critical San Remo.


Mr. Drummond suggests, *inter alia*, that we should celebrate the Jubilee by spelling as we "pronouns."

Lovers of the theatre, as well as anglers, will read "Daughters of Thespis" with interest. I mention the anglers because "John Bickerdyke," the author, is one of the most popular authors of fishing-books. The novel is a daring and powerful effort to present the career of one of the creatures who, using their beauty unscrupulously, mount from the stage to the peerage. The inquisitive will see in Patta, the dancing-girl who, after what historians call "a chequered career," becomes wife of an Irish peer, a somewhat indiscreetly close picture of a celebrity. Yet one cannot blame the author for painting it vividly and closely. As a set-off in honour of the stage is the pathetic story of Dorothy Sheriden, an actress who, through an accident, sinks from forty pounds a-week to poverty, and almost to the river. The book has many clever little touches of Bohemian life, written, like its theatre-pictures, by one who obviously is "behind the scenes"; and his Bar Sketches show that "Bickerdyke" has been one of the great honorarium profession. Although "Daughters of Thespis" deals with the seamy side most

uncompromisingly, the ugly scenes are handled with tact, so as to be vigorous but not indelicate. The book would have had a *succès de scandale* ten years ago; now it deserves a simple success from merit.

The inroad of the foreigner into Art London is very marked just now. There is an exhibition of Jan van Beers; Messrs. Tooth are showing the clever picture "Vive l'Empereur," by M. Flameng; and at the Danish

Monsieur François Flameng
has the pleasure to invite
and friend
to the Private View of his important work entitled
"Vive L'Empereur" (Waterloo)
at Arthur Tooth and Sons' Galleries
5 & 6, Haymarket
on Saturday, May 1st 1897




House in Regent Street, a very beautiful exhibition is now on view from the Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Manufactory. The fine hard porcelain there visible is the most interesting result of a process which successfully combines the accidental—if such a word may be allowed—loveliness of the fire process with the purposeful achievement of the artist. By this method the picture is first painted upon the porcelain, and the glaze is afterwards thrown over its surface by means of the white-hot furnace. To a large extent, therefore, the beauty of the result depends upon the voluntary work of the artists engaged; and it is to be recorded that for the most part the work of the painters exhibited at the Regent Street gallery is even Japanese in its exquisite suggestiveness. Yet there is also an involuntary element of beauty in the frosting or crystallising effects wrought out of the pure potency of the fire. Skill and good-fortune are here both engaged to secure results which, in one instance at least in the present show, are as beautiful, as delicate, and as delightfully graceful as the design of a frosted window-pane upon a winter's morning. The Copenhagen Porcelain is assuredly a manufacture with which it would be most pleasant to live on intimate terms.

The skirt-dance has held the stage so long that it is surely time for a change. France, as is usual with her in these matters, is taking the lead, and there is a return to favour of the beautiful, stately dances—the minuet, the gavotte, the pavane, and the saraband—which lent an added grace to the eighteenth century. Then, again, one well-known Paris dancing-mistress, Mlle. Ponta, a one-time "star" of the Opera, has collaborated with M. Ducoudray the composer in the reconstitution of those old Greek dances wherein were embodied, in the highest degree, the true poetry of motion. Whether the present generation will ever have the patience to master the complicated "steps" of these old-world specimens of the Terpsichorean art is another matter.

An American who has had a trip from the Scillies to Tilbury by water has been recounting his experiences in the *New York Times*. He went, of course, to rooms in Bloomsbury, and ends his article by declaring that he is thereby a guest of the Duke of Bedford. That is a quaint way of regarding the London lodging-house.

The revival of the miniature is likely to be increased by the exhibition of Dr. Lumsden Propert's fine collection, which the Fine Art Society have acquired, as I noted the other week. It is well worth seeing.

Exhibition
of the
Propert Collection
of Historical
Miniatures & Enamels



The Fine Art Society ask the favour
of your attendance on Saturday the
8th of May 1897, at a
Private View of the above.

The Art Club and friend
178 New Bond Street
10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

It is appropriate that, while Newfoundland is preparing to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of its discovery by John Cabot, who sailed from Bristol on his famous voyage of discovery May 2, 1497, London should be reminded of the great sailor's services by the admirable statue of Cabot and his son Sebastian exhibited at the New Gallery. The group comes from the chisel of Mr. John Cassidy. Though he has made Manchester his headquarters, he is an Irishman, having been born just over thirty years ago near the little village of Slane in County Meath, only a few miles from the famous Tara's Hall. There his father's family had been farmers for generations.

The fact that the future sculptor was a thirteenth child foreboded no ill-luck. His ambition had always been to become a painter, though he had never seen a good picture or artistic piece of sculpture until he went to Manchester when he was seventeen years of age. There he at once became a student at the School of Art in that city, and it was while studying from the antique that he acquired his great love for sculpture, and during his student-ship he gained four national medals, one Owen Jones medal, the Worshipful Plasterers' Company's prize two years in succession, and several Queen's and other prizes. His first public appointment was at the Manchester Royal Jubilee Exhibition, where he gave demonstrations in modelling from life in clay, and for the last four or five years he has been a constant exhibitor at all the leading galleries, his "Digger," shown at the New Gallery, being purchased by the Manchester Corporation for their permanent collection. Among other important commissions was one from Mrs. Rylands to execute a marble statue of her late husband for the famous Library, and also the principal statues for the same building. He was also the sculptor for the Colston statue, a commission he won out of a competition of over thirty designs; and his bust of the late Sir Charles Hallé, now in the Academy, is considered one of the best likenesses of that veteran musician. Mr. Cassidy is well represented this spring both at the Royal Academy and the New Gallery, and he is now hard at work on a full-length statue of the Queen, a commission which he is executing in Portland stone for the city of Belfast. The figure alone is to be eight feet high.

Judge Prowse, the author of the interesting "History of Newfoundland," writes me as follows—

In your paper of March 24, 1897, you say that a correspondent in South Shields writes "that he has recently returned from Newfoundland, and that cariboo and moose are to be there seen in thousands." Let me inform your correspondent that there are no moose in the colony. A pair were imported many years ago; the female was killed, and they never bred. Your correspondent goes on: "The railway now crosses the entire island, and has opened up splendid fields for sport." This is quite correct: Newfoundland is a sportsman's paradise. The cariboo are very numerous, and, considering that the whole interior of the island is a vast deer-park, they always will remain numerous. Your correspondent further says: "It is true that a licence must be taken out by all sportsmen who are not residents, and that the number of heads to each gun is restricted to five.

This was in consequence of the wholesale slaughter of deer some two years ago by a party of officers from one of her Majesty's ships." This latter statement is an absolute falsehood. The writer is confusing incidents that happened many years ago. The Hon. A. G. Curzon-Howe was in command of her Majesty's ships in Newfoundland from 1893 to 1895. No more careful and attentive Commodore ever came to Newfoundland; no man ever paid more respect to the law, and the statement of your correspondent that his officers violated the law and made a "wholesale slaughter of deer" is absolutely untrue. In justice to the Commodore and his officers, I think you should publish this letter.

The millionaire who finds time and money hang heavy on his hands might do worse than start a private "Zoo," where really rare animals could be saved from sharing the fate of the dodo. Soon buffalo-robbers will be a thing of the past, and yet fifty years ago buffaloes could be counted by the hundred thousand. Now the largest herd is that kept in Yellow-

stone Park, and the numbers have dwindled down to about fifty. Curiously enough, New York can boast of a buffalo herd, confined in an enclosure of eighty acres in Van Cortlandt Park. It consists of twenty-five head, and one of the twelve cows lately gave birth to two fine calves. Whether these will live and grow to maturity is another matter. Buffaloes do not take kindly to even a modified sort of captivity. The New York herd was brought from the plains by a public-spirited individual named Austin Corbin. On the whole, the experiment has turned out exceedingly well, thanks in a great measure to the intelligent care of the keeper, William Morrison, who has gradually acquired the complete confidence of his shaggy charges. The herd refuses to avail itself of any shelter, winter or summer; it is fed three times a-day, and during the winter months both bulls and cows seem to get into better condition. There are a certain number of buffaloes in the United Kingdom. At one time it became the fashion to import a couple of calves, but, although they took kindly to their British horned brethren, it was not found possible to cross-breed them.

The shooting and fishing clubs which are so well supported in America have done a great deal to influence the adoption of protective measures in districts where game

of all kinds was being destroyed without regard for the future. Hitherto these clubs have contented themselves with renting an area of country and employing keepers or "game wardens" to prevent poaching by unauthorised sportsmen; but a new scheme, which has been incubating for some time past, is now about to be put into execution. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, Mr. John Mackay, and eighteen other wealthy New York sportsmen have secured a tract of some fifty thousand acres in the Shoshone Range, Wyoming, and this is to be enclosed by a wire-wove fence, eight feet high, to form a sanctuary for the elk, antelope, mountain-sheep, and other game which find a home there. "Sanctuary" is hardly the right word for this park, as it is neither more nor less than a huge game-preserve. No shooting, however, is to be done therein for a period of five years, by which time, if the game wardens it is intended to employ do their duty, there ought to be a very heavy stock awaiting the rifles of the promoters. A park of this kind is



JOHN CABOT, THE DISCOVERER OF NEWFOUNDLAND, AND HIS SON SEBASTIAN.

Exhibited by Mr. John Cassidy in the New Gallery.

an expensive thing to start, and will prove expensive to maintain. The construction of that fence alone will make a big hole in the hundred thousand dollars which the twenty founders of the club are subscribing to begin with.

This is the first enclosed great shooting-park to be established in the States. Sir John Willoughby, I believe, has a large tract of land fenced as a game-preserve somewhere in South-West Africa, but I have no particulars concerning it. The nearest parallel is to be found in the New Hampshire Park which was fenced by Mr. Corbin, at a cost of about seventy-four thousand dollars, some years ago. The Corbin Park embraced some twenty-eight thousand acres of mountain and pasture, high ground and low; it was a game-sanctuary pure and simple, and the enterprising founder had the satisfaction of proving that the bison, moose, cariboo, prong-buck, and other horned game, could live and thrive in large captivity. No shooting was allowed in the Corbin Park; the stock was kept within due limits by giving away surplus animals to public zoological collections. Messrs. Roosevelt, Mackay, and their friends have, therefore, a highly successful precedent to encourage them.

the chief engineer. The railway bridge from Mombasa to the mainland, 1700 feet long, was built in three months and a half, and was completed in August, when a train passed over it. Since then the work of constructing the railway inland has been vigorously prosecuted, the line being laid at the rate of half-a-mile a-day. It is intended that a hundred miles shall be opened for traffic in the course of the present year.

What would Stevenson have thought of Germany's latest move? From a lately published American Blue-Book, it is quite clear that our only Kaiser would like to see Samoa a German colony, and were it not for the very vigorous protests made by the American Secretaries of State, General Gresham and Mr. Olney, the world would one day have been calmly informed that the beautiful group of islands was now ruled from Berlin, and that Samoa had become a great German military station within easy distance of Australia! Of course, the question of who is to be paramount Power in what is virtually "No Man's Land" is a very difficult matter, and the British, American, and German Consuls must find it far from easy to administer the laws impartially, and to keep on really cordial terms with one another. Stevenson took an almost painful



MAKUPA TEMPORARY BRIDGE.



THE WORK AT KILINDINI HARBOUR.



SCENES ON THE UGANDA RAILWAY.

The "Dark Continent" remains very much an unknown continent, and perhaps comparatively few people are aware that the British Government is now constructing a railway into the heart of Africa. When, acting on the advice of Sir Gerald Portal, Uganda was taken over from the Imperial British East Africa Company, it was urged that the new possession would be useless unless communication with the coast were established, and, after no little Governmental hesitation and considerable Parliamentary discussion, it was ultimately decided to make a railway from Mombasa to Lake Victoria Nyanza. A Bill sanctioning the construction of the line and the expenditure of three millions for the purpose was passed last Session. Mombasa is a small island close to the East Coast of Africa, 150 miles north of Zanzibar. It possesses the finest harbour on the coast, and, formerly the headquarters of the now dispossessed Chartered Company (the East Africa Chartered Company, quite distinct from the Chartered Company in South Africa of which Mr. Cecil Rhodes was the presiding genius), it is probably destined to become, now that it is in Government hands, a prominent centre of British trade and influence. The railway to Victoria Nyanza will be 657 miles long, and will follow pretty much the line of an existing trade-route through territory now designated the British East Africa Protectorate. Operations were begun—in advance of Parliamentary sanction—in the end of 1895, and the ceremony of laying the first rail was performed at Kilindini, on May 29 last year, by the wife of

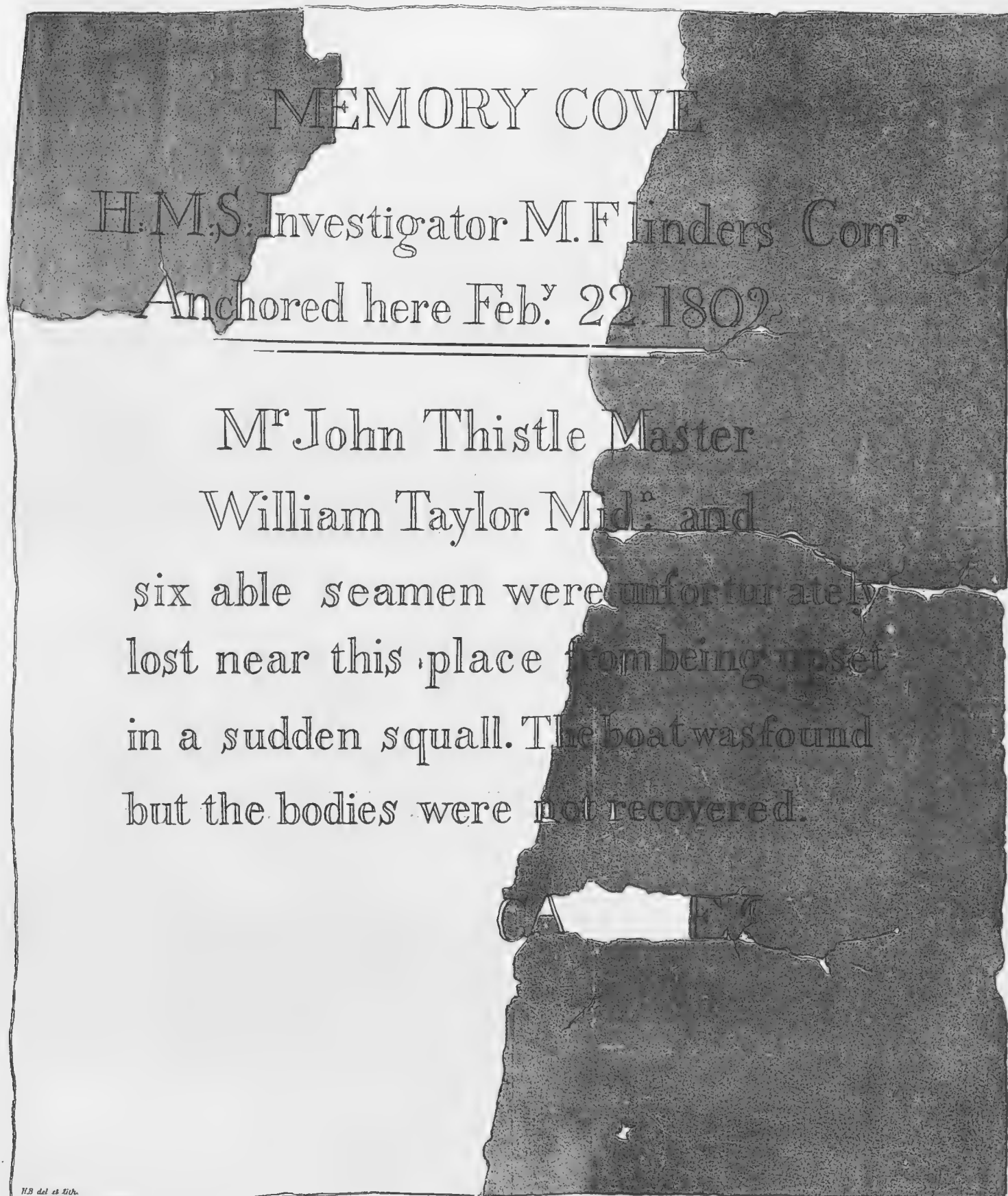
interest in the matter; he was always bewailing both in public and in private the evil days which had fallen on his dear adopted home, and had he lived he would probably have compelled the British Government to take practical note of his unceasing advocacy of the claims of the natives.

I wish all success to the *Far East*, a bright magazine written in English by Japanese, and which is the British edition of the *Kokumin No Tomo* ("The Nation's Friend"), an excellent periodical which has already reached the tenth year of its existence. The *Far East* is published monthly, and the subscription, including postage, is five shillings a-year. Perhaps the most interesting contribution published this winter is one written by a Japanese lady, Miss Usmekusuba, on "The Future of Japanese Women." This young lady—she was one of the five girls sent over by the Japanese Government to America for purposes of study—evidently holds advanced views; she is anxious to see a High School for Girls established at Tokio, also she advocates a thorough training in some branch of industry, in order that the Japanese girl may, when obliged to do so, contribute to her own support. Those interested in the problems which absorb public attention in the Empire of the East should certainly subscribe to this curious magazine, for in it they will find genuine expressions of opinion contributed by those who have built up modern Japan.

The accompanying plate represents in facsimile three fragments of a copper tablet erected by Captain Flinders in 1802 on the shore of Memory Cove, near Port Lincoln, South Australia, in commemoration of the loss of a boat's crew which had been sent out to search for water. The portions of the plate have been placed in what is believed to be their proper relative positions, and the missing words of the inscription, as shown on the unshaded part, have been supplied, up to a certain

Australis," but the words of the inscription are not recorded. Can any of my readers suggest a reading of the tablet, or complete the last line?

I was glad to see the other day that Mr. Justice Byrne had granted an injunction restraining a "private 'bus" proprietor from imitating the vehicles of the London General Omnibus Company. This sort of thing is frequently practised on the Western roads, and unless a passenger is



A STRANGE MEMORIAL.

point, according to the judgment of a competent authority, who, however, has not been able to suggest a suitable reading for the last incomplete line, containing the letters "C," "A," and "E" in their proper places. The fragments were all found separately in 1864 and 1865, a considerable distance from the spot at which the tablet was originally set up, and one piece, by its condition, bore evidence of having been some time beneath the sea. The episodes of the loss of the boat and of the fixing of the tablet are described by Captain Flinders in his "Voyage to Terra

thoroughly experienced in the mysteries of London street traffic, he may easily, especially at night, find himself at the mercy of an impudent "pirate" conductor. However, the excellent system of exhibiting in front of omnibuses the lines of route is being largely extended, the Road-Cars now having neat small black letters on white, and the "Generals" displaying variously more decorative signs in red, blue, or green. But, of course, all such schemes are susceptible of frequent modifications or improvements.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE END OF VICTOR DE ST. ANGE.

BY DUNCOMBE JEWELL.

He had arranged to die: it seemed to him the only thing to do.
There were various reasons—or rather, there was but one reason.
He was tired of life.

Of course, there were a good many reasons for *this* conclusion; but one is hardly concerned to enumerate them. However . . .

To begin with, he had exhausted every normal pleasure that the world could afford, and he had no desire for the abnormal. He had conquered the only world within his reach, the little world of Parisian journalism. For thirteen years his signature had appeared below the first article in a reputable evening paper. It was always smartly written, often trenchantly, ever with a vein of cynical humour, cultured, stylish. It had won for him a name and a competence. But, after all, these are not everything . . . and *La Foudre* could do without his pen. He recognised that.

Descended remotely from that very Marquis whom the Revolutionary Tribunals are recorded to have stripped of all his names, and left to be re-christened by whomsoever would, Victor de St. Ange had become a journalist by chance and a *bon viveur* by profession, or *vice versa* if you will.

Now, at the age of thirty-nine, he had decided that there was really nothing worth living for, and had consequently determined to die. At bottom he was something of a philosopher, as many of his shrewder readers had long since discovered.

For the event he had selected the Restaurant Vian, in the Rue Daunou. "Vian" is the "Cock Tavern" of Paris—the "Cock," that is, as it would be were it transported from one metropolis to the other. It is not similar, but it is equivalent.

For the day he had selected Sunday, and had spent it in a preparatory manner, although preparatory entirely after his own ideas.

In the first place, he had written his last article quite early in the morning, and carefully suppressed every indication that it was his last. Only those who re-read it after the event would be able to detect its latent valediction. Then, for the first time for twenty years, he had entered the Church of St. Roch, on his way to breakfast, and heard Mass. It didn't appeal to him at all. He was disappointed. He had expected it to touch some old chords in his nature long unplayed upon. But they had snapped, and no power on earth could extract a sound from them. It was too late to replace them; so he breakfasted, and went to the races at Longchamps. There he met and bade an eternal farewell to all his chief friends, without allowing one of them to guess it. In fact, they were unanimous in declaring that "Victor maintained his spirits and his wit in a manner quite wonderful, considering . . ."

And there they left off, at the point where one of the most valid reasons for his being tired of life began.

For, to his chiefest friend—she who had been associated with him for close on five years, and who had recently left him for another, and a Prussian at that—he could not say "Farewell."

It was a little after seven when he pushed open the door of the restaurant and mounted the red-and-white carpeted staircase leading to the nest of little rooms known as "Vian." The proprietor bowed low, the waiters were obsequious: "they had not had the honour for a long time." St. Ange selected the second room, and, yielding his hat and gloves, his race-glasses and umbrella, to one of them, sat down at the centre table on the right-hand side and turned himself so that he could catch his reflection in the mirror.

He was undeniably handsome, with the handsomeness that comes marked by signs of hard living—in the French style. He was going a little bald, it is true; but his dark-eyes shone as brightly as ever, and the many lines gathered about the corners of his eyes and round his temples only served to make his expression in repose intellectual, and, when he smiled, enchanting. He selected his dinner from the carte with deliberation: Was it not his last? . . .

A dozen oysters of the best prefaced a *purée aux croûtons*. He followed this with veal sweetbreads, elegantly served, and by a dish of *perdreux aux choux*. For wine he selected St. Estèphe, having always been of frugal habit in the matter of drinking.

He ate leisurely; enjoying the meal the more that every now and then he could feel in his vest-pocket a certain little phial. Other people entered the room, sat down at other tables, and ordered their dinners. Little Jules Leroneleur, of the *Avant-Garde*, accompanied by a tall, fat, pretty girl in a blue hat and a noisy skirt, went to the end of the little chamber, next the window. Two dramatic critics—the one a Jew with oiled hair and a terrible nose, the other bearded and speaking in a husky voice that told its own tale—brought with them a pale woman with languid eyes and very red lips, who took her seat so as to face Victor through the space between her companions, who had their backs towards him. This party gave the proprietor some trouble before they could select their dishes, and their conversation, which mingled theatrical gossip with racing-tips, sent Victor's mind back to the past and recalled many a dinner eaten at that same table in the lively company of Amélie. . . .

He saddened, felt the phial in his waistcoat-pocket, measured the remainder of the wine in his glass with his eye, and for a moment was half inclined to end the matter there and then. For a moment only. Then he ordered a portion of Brie. . . .

Breaking pieces from the long roll beside his plate, eating quietly, and

rolling his wine under his tongue—for there is nothing like cheese to bring out the flavour of wine—he began to speculate on the effects of his death.

For the ultimate effects—on the world; on contemporary journalism, on the future of *La Foudre*—he cared nothing. His mind occupied itself with the more immediate sensation. The phial contained the deadliest of poisons: within two minutes of swallowing its contents he would be gone. Had he obeyed the impulse to take it before the cheese, he would even now have left Paris for ever. . . . Little Jules there, who knew him and had nodded pleasantly on entering, he would be distracted. . . . And these girls, who were none too good even of their kind, they would be transfixed in the midst of their laughter and enjoyment; and the waiters. . . . "Never mind," he thought cynically; "it will do them no harm to have a glimpse of the writing on the wall." . . .

A basket of fruit was placed before him, and, taking a pear, he peeled it delicately, pouring the last of the wine into his glass and drinking it off.

"One cigarette," he said, lighting a *caporal supérieur* and ordering some coffee and a fine champagne.

He placed two pieces of sugar in the glass and began stirring it gently. Do what he would, he could not keep from feeling terribly excited. He could no longer think quite coherently. The moment had nearly come. He felt in his pocket for the phial. It must go into the coffee and be taken at a draught.

He sipped the coffee, to discover if it were to his taste. His hand shook, and the spoon rattled audibly as he raised it to his lips, which were parched and dry. He drank off the fine champagne, to steady his nerves, and inhaled the smoke of his cigarette vigorously, to deaden them. The room began to fade from his sight. The huge nose of the Semitic critic and a pair of red lips beyond were alone visible.

Suddenly some new-comers entered the room and sat down at the table behind him. There was the rustle of a silk-lined skirt and the odour of a familiar perfume. He was transported to a little villa at St. Graïen. . . . Everything was obscure . . . he could only mutter "Amélie" . . .

The voice of a man behind him broke into his reverie: its accent was unmistakably German. "Shall it be *poulet* or *perdreux*, Amélie?" it said. "Amélie?"

Victor bent forward over his little table until he could see in a mirror the reflection of the couple.

Yes . . . it was Amélie! He was transported with delight. His brain was clear and wide awake now. Here, indeed, was revenge—sweet, romantic, sensational, sent him from Heaven itself!

With fevered haste he drew the phial from his pocket and poured its contents into the coffee. Then he put down his cigarette, half-turned his chair so that he might fall against the wall in full view of everyone, and grasped the glass in his right hand. It did not tremble at all. . . . He was strung to the proper pitch. . . . No false note was possible.

He lifted the glass and drained it steadily, looking over its edge at the companion of Jules Leroneleur, who was regarding him with a curious smile. He had barely set the glass down, when the electric-lights came together with a crash in the centre of the room, were extinguished suddenly, shone out again with unwonted brilliancy. . . . Then the low ceiling of the room fell upon his head and stunned him . . . the table slipped away from under him . . . the lights went out slowly, like stars in chaos. . . .

Victor de St. Ange was dead.

BALLADE OF A STOLEN KISS.

You will pardon me, perhaps, if I dare
That unfortunate crime to recall,
I committed last night on the stair,
Where a seat was let into the wall;
And, perhaps, you will soon reinstal
To your favour the wretch you will find
So penitent now for his fall,
For I hope that you didn't much mind.

Although there is grey in my hair,
And my claims to distinction are small,
Of your dances you gave me a share
Over aspirants handsome and tall.
I was easy, alas! to enthrall,
And prudence I cast to the wind,
When I should have looked out for a squall—
But I hope that you didn't much mind.

Now, to give me a hearing is fair:
You were angry last night at the ball,
So I could not explain to you there
How such accidents sometimes befall.
Yet your hand was in mine, after all,
And so far, at least, you were kind,
And we could not be seen from the hall,
So I think that you didn't much mind.

I am sending a bracelet, *ma chère*,
And if, as I hope, you're inclined
This innocent trifle to wear,
I shall know that you didn't much mind.—N. G. D.



Deep in the recesses of that lonely wood stands the sacrificial altar. Whether another crime was added to the Wazir's list, or whether the Ordained One conquered the Event, I know not; for darkness fell as a pall, and the night became dreamless.—DREAMS, IDLE DREAMS.

THE FERRET.

Mr. Everitt's little book, "Ferrets" (A. and C. Black), will find its readers waiting. A treatise on the management of the rabbit-shooter's indispensable ally was needed, and here we have set forth, lucidly and concisely, the fruits of long experience. Ferrets are "nesh" little creatures, though the treatment accorded them by some people in the matter of housing and diet suggests their owner's belief that they are among the hardiest instead of the most delicate of domesticated animals.



PURE-BRED FERRET.

The practical part of the subject naturally divides itself into two heads, the ferret in the hutch or court, and the ferret at work, and for the author's remarks in either department I have nothing but praise. True, in discussing the relative merits of the white variety and the polecat-ferret, he omits to mention one striking advantage which attends the use of the former, which is that its more conspicuous colour renders it infinitely easier to detect and recapture when working warrens among gorse or underwood. This, however, is an advantage which the new hand will very speedily discover for himself. There is much diversity of opinion concerning the more intrinsic virtues of the two varieties; but, apart from the matter of colour, we are inclined to think that there is really not much to choose between them; there are good, bad, and indifferent workers of each kind. If we were obliged to choose, we should say white ferrets for rabbiting and dog polecat-ferrets for ratting. The latter is something the fiercer, and a big buck-rat is a foe no ferret can afford to despise. Mr. Everitt's suggestions as to management are essentially sound and reliable. It is extraordinary, in view of the amount of trouble and inconvenience caused by foot-rot, that commonest result of damp and dirty hutches, how few men adopt the simple preventive here advocated of making the hutch-floor sloping instead of level. We can answer for it that a slope of, say, one in nine, is productive of the best results. Ferrets are remarkably cleanly animals, and a clean, warm hutch is essential to their health and well-being. Such a restless little beast would, no doubt, select a large courtyard for his residence if he could choose, but too liberal accommodation is not to be recommended for the working ferret. Frequent handling is necessary to keep him amenable, and a spacious run has a distinct tendency to make him wild and shy; moreover, the tamest ferret is keener at his work if compelled to reside in a small hutch.

As we anticipated, after reading a few pages of his book, the author is all in favour of coping—that is, muzzling with whipcord—in preference to using any of the ingenious muzzles made for the purpose of preventing the ferret from killing and eating the rabbit it is his business to bolt. The old-fashioned plan of passing a stout needle through the upper lips and tying the thread below the jaw has much to recommend it, not the least being the fact that, if the animal be lost, the



SECOND CROSS FROM POLECAT AND FERRET.

thread is rotted by the saliva and the mouth freed before the ferret starves; but inasmuch as the same end can be assured by passing a turn of the cord behind the canine teeth, when muzzling in a more humane fashion, we prefer to dispense with the needle, as an implement liable to misuse.

The book is full of useful hints, at least one of which we gratefully note—that is, the "wrinkle" (page 107) for compelling a ferret to let go the quarry upon which it has fastened. Not the least welcome portion of the work is the chapter relating to the law concerning ferrets. The illustrations, from photographs, are good, and the diagrams clear.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Of all the varied forms of humorous journalism in vogue at present, I think the political scares of the *Spectator* are, on the whole, the most amusing. The dog-stories pall on us after a while; their monstrous and obvious incredibility fails to arouse the shadow of a smile; but the scare is perennially fresh, for it does not even want a dog to arouse it. Some Continental *canard*, wild with a more than Ibsenite savagery, is enough to arouse the aged prophetess; nay, even if no foreign scribe has discovered the sinister omen, the political seer of the journal in question will discover it for himself—or herself. It needs but a couple of lines and of lies from a *boulevardier* who knows nothing about anything, and a stupendous coalition, a coming Armageddon, an imminent revolution, will loom portentous on the horizon.

One sure source of these gloomy forecasts is any allusion to Mohammedanism. Heaven knows how many thunderstorms of Moslem war have trailed along the horizon of the *Spectator*, out of common ken. Heaven knows how often the fire of the coming *Jihad* has leapt from tent to tent like the heat-ray of Mr. Wells's Martian cephalopods, from Tunis to the Congo, from Zanzibar to Atlas, kindling fanaticism into flame—and it has never come off, and it never may. But age cannot wither the crop of alarms, nor custom stale their variety. When Islam sleeps, other plotters take up the tale.

The latest Machiavel is none other than the beloved Wilhelm, the Irresponsible Imperator. A recent imaginative paragraph ascribed to him the attempted formation of a league of all and sundry against the Carthage he particularly longs to delete—ourselves, to wit. France was to be in it, and Russia also; Austria (the argon of the European atmosphere) was to be neutral, and Italy to sympathise helplessly, while we were driven from the Cape, Egypt, India, and other places too numerous to mention. Never since Napoleon had there been so deadly a foe to England as the wily Wilhelm; not even from the Corsican had we ever run such awful risks. And so on, and so forth, although the rumour was contradicted "on the best authority," having been put forth on no authority at all. But an Ambassador cannot call on his chiropodist without a coalition.

It is quite possible that William the Irrepressible is busying himself with a league against the dominions of his beloved grandmother. But why should France and Russia, the supposed other constituents of the league, want to let William in to such an enterprise, except to secure his neutrality? Such an alliance, if meant as a sort of syndicate of plunder, would be quite as effective, and less expensive, with France and Russia alone. Both of these countries have far more soldiers than they would ever be likely to need in a war with England, and the comparatively slight assistance that the German Fleet might bring to either France or Russia would be counterbalanced by the distrust and friction of such an unholy comradeship. Besides, if France and Russia overcame us, the plunder would be divided between two, and not three.

Until the versatile Kaiser can get up a navy equal to that of Russia, say, his alliance against "the modern Carthage" will not be a serious question. For he would merely make his allies stronger on land, where they are already too strong; and his Reichstag steadily declines to launch out into shipbuilding on a grand scale. It is doubtful, too, if Germany can stand the strain. To match France or Russia on land, England on sea and beyond seas, is a task beyond permanent achievement by any nation. Something must give way, or some inferiority be accepted. And the naval and colonial enterprise of Germany is, after all, a mere excrescence of the national life. Except for "prestige"—that blessed word—France and Germany might slough their colonies to-morrow, and the national life would flow on absolutely undisturbed. The French have no surplus population to send to the colonies; the German superfluity prefers to go to the United States or Australia, or other parts already occupied. The trade of colonising takes time to learn—centuries, perhaps. We had to learn it by losing one empire, and even now there are many gaps in our knowledge.

I question very much whether the restless ruler of Germany will ever get his league formed. Perhaps he will go off at another tangent and become our bosom friend. In any case, he is not a Napoleon. Napoleon's menace to England arose chiefly from the fact that he was a consummate master of war. His plans and aims, as the late Sir John Seeley pointed out, were not novel—they had busied French Ministries for a good century before. He was dangerous chiefly by his prodigious power of organisation and the military ability that conquered the allies of England and turned them into his willing or unwilling auxiliaries. Now, the Kaiser has many and diverse talents, but I do not think his bitterest enemy ever accused him of being a Napoleon. But to hold together a league of France, Russia, and Germany for any purpose whatsoever would demand a greater skill than Napoleon's, for it would mean the maintenance of unity between three equals, two of them suspicious of the third, and not too sure of each other. Coalitions never exert anything like their actual power. In the stress of actual warfare I should doubt whether even France and Russia combined could do much more against England than either of them alone—or, if their joint power was more effective, it would be by acting thousands of miles apart. And if Germany were a member of this league, the chances of the single Power would be greater then against the two allies.

MARMITON

CHURCHYARD BOTTOM WOOD.

We are not likely to commit the mistake made by the generation which allowed vast districts of East London to grow up without a single oasis of green turf. The foresight and munificence of some individuals, aided by the wisdom of public bodies, have surrounded the outskirts of the Metropolis with a chain of open spaces, and now it seems that another link may be added. Churchyard Bottom Wood, of which some illustrations are given, covers fifty-two acres of the great Highgate Estate, owned by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in right of the See of London. The Commissioners take a large view of their duties as trustees for the public, where open spaces are concerned, and offered the wood to the Hornsey Urban District Council for £25,000, or about one-half its market value, on condition that the Council should preserve it as an open space. This generous offer was limited to a period of two years.

To raise so large a sum, however, in the locality proved no easy matter, and the time allowed by the Commissioners had almost elapsed

Nothing else remains to redeem this lovely spot from the hands of the builder than that the public should come forward in the spirit of one anonymous donor who offers one-fourth of his income on condition that twenty other persons will give fifty pounds apiece.

The wood lies close to Highgate Station, and visitors may quickly reach it from Broad Street, Moorgate Street, and King's Cross Stations. After passing through the densely populated districts of Dalston, Barnsbury, Canonbury, Highbury, and Islington, he will find it hard to overestimate the importance of saving this space of open ground. While there is one acre of open space to every 682 people in the West half of London, and to every 7481 in the East half, it would be unwise to destroy a playground in such a splendid situation. The wood lies on the hollow side of a hill, and a wide prospect is commanded from the top. Oak for the most part covers the slope, with an undergrowth of that willow which clothes itself in spring with downy yellow flowers. Among the trees a tiny stream has cut a deep groove in the clay, and many Londoners will be surprised to learn that here, within five miles of Charing Cross, the children gather wild primroses and wood anemones.

Apart from its natural beauty, the wood is a romantic piece of



CHARACTERISTIC SCENES IN THE WOODS.

when Mr. Cory-Wright, Chairman of the District Council, came to the rescue. An extension of time was granted, first to the end of June, and then to September 30. Miss Octavia Hill and Sir Robert Hunter, considering the wood as a space of the first importance to London itself, brought the great open-space societies they represent to the help of Mr. Cory-Wright, who headed the list with a large donation. Hornsey had already voted to contribute £10,000 from the rates, and offered to maintain the wood if it was handed over in such a condition as to demand no additional outlay of capital. This left £15,000 to be raised for the purchase of the wood, besides about £3000 needed for fencing and draining and for building a ranger's lodge. The wealthier inhabitants, however, subscribed between £2000 and £3000, while the donations of sympathisers have swelled this sum to over £4000. The Vestry of St. Pancras have promised £2000, and the Middlesex County Council a sum not exceeding £5000, if Parliament will grant them powers to make these contributions. St. Pancras have also expressed a desire that the wood should be saved, and have referred the matter to their Parliamentary Committee. It is to be hoped that the Legislature will remove the technical difficulties in the way of these contributions being made by passing the two Bills which have been laid before them for this purpose.

antiquity. It was but the other day in its history that a plague-pit, used in the Great Pestilence, gained it the sombre title it now bears. Always part of the Forest of Middlesex, its growth has never been disturbed even by cultivation. Let us hope that London will help Miss Hill and her colleagues to make sure the builder shall never uproot the oaks from their immemorial freehold in this patch of primeval forest.

Donations sent to 1, Great College Street, the official address of the committee for saving the wood, will be thankfully acknowledged by Mr. C. F. Cory-Wright or Miss Octavia Hill.

Some more choice examples of the humours of examinations; not from the candidates' point of view. "Holiday" has lately been given the following ingenious explanation: "Holiday comes from an old English word, and was used when the Britons cut the holly"! I suppose that mistletoe also had something to do with it. Item No. 2: Among the nouns derived from the verb "tell" are "telescope, telegraph, and telligence," the last spelt without an apostrophe. My third instance gives "priest" as the past participle of "pry," and "swine" as the past participle of "sow." But how "past" and why "participle" I can't for the life of me make out.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

A GREAT LIFE OF NELSON.*

Illustrated with Reproductions of Engravings from the Book.

The wondrous career of Nelson has always had peculiar attractiveness for the biographer. The great Admiral offers himself, of course, as one of the most obvious heroes for a British epic; but that is not the only



NELSON AND WELLINGTON.

From an Engraving by Reynolds, after the Painting by John Prescott Knight.

reason why the Life of Nelson has been so often written. If the Admiral had been merely a naval leader of consummate ability, his story would have appealed to comparatively few, and, like the stories of such splendid leaders as De Ruyter, Hawke, and Blake, would have found but few commentators. Nor can it be said that Nelson's eminence as a statesman and administrator is to any large extent responsible for the unique position which he holds in the estimation of his fellow-countrymen. He is best known and best beloved, as well by the public as by the biographers, for the reason that, while some of his qualities were of such a nature as to set him immeasurably above the sphere of ordinary humanity, he was in certain other matters as weak as the weakest and most foolish of mortals. The hero who is always a hero appeals to the imagination, but does not speak to the heart. On the other hand, the hero who, by occasional slips, reminds us that, instead of being of iron or marble, he is of our own clay, calls all of us to sympathise with him, because he enables all of us to appreciate him.

It is this peculiarity of Nelson's which has undoubtedly magnetised the majority of his biographers. Captain Mahan has been influenced

by the subtle charm that arises from the almost pathetically human frailty of some sides of Nelson's character. But the distinguished American historian, who, in his latest work, so it seems to me, has written the biography of the century, has not been content only to describe the heroism and the weakness, the self-abnegation and the vanity, the generosity and the jealousy, the manliness and the childishness, the honour and the dishonour of Nelson. All that has been done, though not done so well, by others. He has gone much further. His book is not entitled, and does not aspire to be, merely "A Life of Nelson." It looks at Nelson as the embodiment of the sea-power of Great Britain, and its copious and admirable story of the hero's life and deeds is but the foundation upon which the author has reared what may be almost called a comprehensive theory of the maritime greatness of our country. Captain Mahan does not anywhere say, nor, save on his title-page, does he even suggest, that, after we have read and digested his Life of Nelson, first as a piece of history, and then as a piece of criticism, we may still remember it as an instructive allegory. Yet, to my mind, it is as the instructive allegory—full of suggestiveness and full of encouragement—that this great work is destined to live. Perfect it is as a biography, and subtle it is as a criticism; but its highest value resides, no matter how unobtrusively, in the teachings which it offers to our land and to our race. It holds up to us Nelson as the Englishman of Englishmen, centralising at once all our national strength and all our national weakness, and it shows on every page how the strength rose superior to the weakness in Nelson, and how, "if England to herself be true," the strength shall rise superior to the weakness in Great Britain also. Very serious are the weaknesses, very real are the dangers which threaten to result from them; but if, following Nelson's example, the country be ever prompt to seize upon opportunity, ever eager to respond to the calls of duty and national honour, always disinterested and untiring, never dismayed, and always well advised as to the first and best thing to be done to meet an emergency, there is in the national character, faulty though it be in some matters, that which is capable of dragging victory even from the clutch of Fate. It is primarily as the embodiment of the sea-power of Great Britain that Captain Mahan regards his hero; but he regards him not less as the embodiment of the national character. That, at least, is what I read between the lines of these most wonderful two volumes.

Every student of Nelson's life will be naturally anxious to learn the views taken by Captain Mahan of certain particular incidents and problems in the great seaman's career. Among these are the treatment of Caracciolo (which is vindicated on the ground of law, but stigmatised as being, perhaps, unnecessarily harsh); the disobedience to Keith and other superior officers; the nature and extent of Lady Hamilton's influence upon Nelson's professional reputation; and the true significance of Nelson's letter to the Crown Prince of Denmark. Without entering into such questions, it may be here said that the American historian, in dealing with these and similar points, starts very few new theories, and disturbs very few old conclusions. Nelson's life, indeed, is not a subject concerning which many fresh facts of any importance are now likely to be discovered. One does not, therefore, expect Captain Mahan, or anyone else, to reveal a new Nelson to the world. But, after reading these volumes, one cannot resist the conclusion that Captain Mahan has



H.M.S. "AGAMEMNON," "CAPTAIN," "VANGUARD," "ELEPHANT," AND "VICTORY."

From an Engraving by J. Fittler, after the Painting by N. Pocock.

* "The Life of Nelson, the Embodiment of the Sea-Power of Great Britain," By Captain A. T. Mahan, D.C.L., LL.D., United States Navy. Two Vols. London: Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., Limited.

painted the old Nelson as the Admiral was never painted before. The author's admiration for, and general sympathy with, his subject is never for a moment concealed; yet there is no suppression of points which are not admirable, nor any polite toning down of features which

brilliancy of his work, we may congratulate ourselves no less heartily upon having a faithful portrait of so great an Englishman limned for us by so excellent an artist.

The two volumes are illustrated with photogravure reproductions of



LADY NELSON.

Believed to have been painted at the time of the Battle of the Nile.



NELSON'S DAUGHTER, HORATIA.

From a Miniature by Sir William Charles Ross.

are a little ugly; and one feels instinctively that the picture, as completed, is just and from the life. The result is a masterpiece. Coming from the hand, as it does, of an American cousin, and not of an English brother, it is, indeed, a miracle of sympathetic insight; and, while Captain Mahan must be congratulated upon the solidity and

many pictures of Nelson at various periods of his life, and of those who were most intimately associated with him. There are also numerous plans of Nelson's battles. In short, the book has been treated by the publishers as such a book deserves to be treated, and this, again, is a matter for sincere congratulation. W. LAIRD CLOWES.



NELSON AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-TWO.

From the Painting by J. F. Rigaud.



NELSON.

From the Painting by Sir William Beechey.

THE HUNT CLUB OF TORONTO.

"And can you really get things to eat, and places to sleep in, and—and—and all that sort of thing, in Canada?" a lady, beside whom I happened to be seated at dinner one evening of last week, inquired blandly. She knew that I had travelled in America, that I had just returned from Canada, and earlier in the evening she had hazarded the

moving spirits. The building itself stands upon the brow of a hill distant some six miles from the city of Toronto, and it immediately overlooks the picturesque Lake of Ontario. Naturally many members of this Hunt Club are Englishmen, whose avocations necessitate their remaining for the present exiled from their native land. Still, it is a pleasant sort of exile, when you come to think of it, very different from that endured by our less fortunate countrymen settled further West and engaged in cattle-ranching and in occupations of that sort.

Ladies may be introduced to the Toronto Hunt Club as guests—indeed, ladies are admitted to very many more clubs in Canada than in England. This statement, especially, seemed greatly to surprise and interest the lady seated beside me, and her thoughts had now evidently become concentrated upon the subject of Canadian clubs. Gradually her ideas about Canada became greatly moderated, and ultimately she frankly admitted that she now looked upon the country as a place far less barbarous than she had always been led to consider it. Later in the evening she even went so far as to express a hope that some day she might visit Toronto, "and especially that delightful club where you tell me they admit ladies and make us so comfortable." After all, our own personal comforts and interests and affairs are the first that we each and all consider.

Naturally, the season is a comparatively short one, and it ends before our season begins, owing to the country being frost-bound and covered with snow for several months. Taken all round, it is a fairly stiff country to ride over, but it can hardly be called

a good scenting country. Nearly all the Toronto hounds are hounds drafted from some of the best English kennels, and they seem to withstand the climate well, far better, indeed, than foxhounds withstand an exceedingly hot climate. I well remember, a few years ago, sending five couple of very good hounds, drafted from the kennels of the Monmouth Hunt, of which Mr. Reginald Herbert is Master, to a friend in South Africa. Within twenty-four months they were all dead, overcome by the excessive heat.

Wire-fencing, barbed wire especially, is, I am sorry to say, gradually coming into vogue in Canada, particularly in the country about Toronto. This importation is much to be regretted. B. T.



THE TORONTO HOUNDS.

supposition "that people living in New York often go down to Chicago for Sunday," presumably after the manner of the Londoners who run down to Kew Gardens on Sunday afternoons, or possibly go so far as to explore the fastnesses of Hampton Court. The inquiries concerning Canada, New York, and Chicago, however, were made in sober earnest by this remarkable lady, who apparently had never quitted her native town of London, and it was only after due deliberation that she condescended to believe that civilised folk are sometimes to be found in the Dominion if visitors to that wild region will but search carefully, and that there are not only "things to eat" in Canada as well as "places to sleep in, and—and—and all that sort of thing," to be come across occasionally, but also clubs—think of it!—well-organised and excellently appointed clubs of many kinds. I mentioned the Hunt Club of Toronto. The lady raised her eyebrows. She herself is fond of sport—also of gambling. "And do you mean to say," she exclaimed incredulously, yet ecstatically, "that there is a sporting club in Toronto, right away in that wild land, as there is here in London, in Covent Garden, for instance?"

It needed some small amount of explanation to make it clear to her that the Toronto Hunt Club is not conducted upon lines precisely similar to the lines upon which our National Sporting Club is managed. Indeed, as I ultimately succeeded in making the fair lady understand, the Hunt Club of Toronto is an extremely well-arranged institution. Started only a few years ago, under the management of an efficient and energetic committee, its membership has increased by leaps and bounds. The club-house was designed by the genial and clever architect Mr. Frank Darling, and now Mr. Stewart Houston, whose name has gradually grown into a byword in Central Canada as that of a keen sportsman, shrewd speculator, and expert financier, is one of its



THE SMOKING-ROOM HEARTH OF THE HUNT CLUB, TORONTO.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



OLD LADY (*to the elder boy*): I am glad to see you so fond of your playmate—it is nice to see affection between children.
SMALL BOY: Ah, I've got a penny to spend!



FARMER : 'Ere, this room won't do for me, I can tell 'ee!

CURIOUS NESTING-PLACES.

Photographs by J. T. Newman, Berkhamstead.

Although Nature has ordained that every bird shall build its nest in a situation reasonably secure from molestation, either by reason of



ROBINS' NEST IN A TIN KETTLE.

inaccessibility or obscurity, there are some individuals which seem to delight in setting her laws at defiance. Just as there are men and women to whom conventionality is irksome, so are there birds. These ornithological Bohemians are not members of any one species. The tits, wagtails, swallows, and other genera supply examples of eccentricity; but if there is one bird which, more frequently than the rest, seeks advertisement and notoriety by its selection of a nursery, that bird is the robin. An old gardener once informed me that the robin "knowed none would go for t' 'urt it," when we discussed the motive which induced a pair to build in the battered leaden spout of an old pump by the conservatory door; and without venturing to attribute any knowledge of its semi-sanctity to the bird, I do think it possible that the immunity it has enjoyed since the legend of the Babes in the Wood was made current has something to do with its often magnificent audacity in choosing its nesting-place. If it obeyed natural laws, it would build in some shallow hole or depression on a grassy bank. Most robins are content to do so; others are not. Here, for example, we have the nest constructed in an old tin kettle somebody had kicked off the high-road under the hedge. If the kettle had been hidden out of sight, the choice would be reasonable, as a receptacle weather-proof and convenient enough to rejoice any ground-building bird. But it was not; on the contrary, it lay in full view of passers-by. I recall two cases of robin recklessness stranger than this. A couple of years ago the family of Mr. Wykeham Musgrave, on entering their pew in Thame Park Chapel, Oxfordshire, found the beginnings of a nest on the book-ledge in the angle made by some books. They were careful not to disturb the birds' arrangements, and on the following Sunday the nest was not only completed, but contained five eggs, the birds being much in evidence at a near window during service; on the Sunday succeeding, the hen robin, having, no doubt, turned the matter over in her mind, did not leave the church when the congregation assembled, but settled down on her nest and sat there throughout the service. In due course she brought off her brood. At Lord Rothschild's mansion, Tring Park, last spring, a pair of robins nested in the casing of some electric wires over a door through which people are passing all day. A very odd site for the nest was that selected by a robin near Purley Station, in Surrey, two years ago. A platelayer had put down his empty beer-can by the metals, and when found it contained a nest with eggs. To the credit of the owner, he it said, he resigned his can to the bird, who reared her brood therein, careless of the passing trains whose wheels thundered by within a few inches. What a prize that beer-can would have been to a

temperance lecturer! The thrush sometimes sets the sober traditions of its species at naught and perpetrates such an eccentricity as that shown in the photograph. An old fruit-basket tossed into a tree offered itself as an acceptable site for the nursery, though differing essentially in almost every respect from the forked stem in which this species usually builds.

Every visitor to the Natural History Museum knows the case containing a letter-box and nests of the Great Tit (*P. major*). This box used to be on a garden gate at Rowfont, Sussex, and in it and the box which replaced it tits have built, and, in most cases, brought off their broods, for eight seasons. Some of the earlier tenants objected to the letters which fell upon them as they worked or sat; but later occupants accept the delivery and collection of letters as a matter of course, and are in no way disturbed. The common wren usually takes infinite pains to choose a retired spot, and not less to make the nest harmonise closely with its surroundings; yet we hear of a wrens' nest built in an old hat hanging against the wall of an open shed, close to which men are at work all day. Last year a pair of wrens built their nest and reared their young family in a letter-box at Swanbourne Station, Bucks.

I saw at Mr. Rowland Ward's a few days ago a very curious mount. This was the dried-up body of a rook containing a wrens' nest. The rook, with others, had been shot and hung up as an awful warning over some seeds; but the cavity of the carcase had commended itself to the wrens, who forthwith took possession, and there is the nest bulging out like misapplied sage-stuffing. The most gruesome nesting-place ever chosen by bird, however, was surely that of the snow-bunting which built among the ribs of a human skeleton. To the domestic sparrow (of course) attaches the credit of having achieved the most consummate piece of impudence. A pair of these birds nested in the sleeve of an old coat which had been hung in a nursery-garden to scare them and their kind from the young peas; the cross-piece which distended the coat held the sleeve conveniently open, and there the outraged gardener found the nest nearly ready for eggs. He has given up that kind of scarecrow. c.



ROBINS' NEST AND EGGS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

New York has sent us over another powerful story out of its miserable deeps. There is something in it to remind a reader of Mr. Stephen Crane's "Maggie," for, though "Yekl" (Heinemann) is a tale of the Ghetto, there is the same betrayal of trust by a fascinating hero whose social attractiveness lays him open to designing fair ones. Hebrew manners being less free than those of Gentiles, the betrayal has a legal aspect—takes, in short, the shape of a divorce. But the blackest misery seems in the end to be meted out to the sinner—that is, the man. There is something extremely practical about the deserted girl which takes away the worst possibilities of tragedy: in the midst of her lamenting she sees a vision of a grocer's shop which she will aid another and a more worthy husband to make a brilliant success. America had educated her quickly, by the help of pain. Some months ago she had come from North-Western Russia, and had landed in New York speaking only Yiddish, and wearing a pitch-black wig, a startling announcement to her gay young husband of what lay between her and him with his three years of Boston and New York, his acquaintance with other and more attractive ladies in the cloak-shop, in the dancing-school, and his Yankee dress and speech, and interest in sport. I have said it reminds one of "Maggie," but the likeness is mainly one of style. Mr. Crane and Mr. Cahan use the same unapologetic tone in talking of rough things and of misery, though the manner of the latter is softened by the fact of his dealing with a milder, gentler race. The general powers of the two writers are not yet comparable—at least, by one who has seen no other work of Mr. Cahan; but of the temper, habits of life, and speech of the half-emancipated Jews of the New York Hebrew Quarter he gives the vividest idea, and by simple methods, too.

One of the best of recent contributions to romance is "Triscombe Stone," by P. B. Akerman and Norman Hurst (Bliss, Sands). It is a romance of the Quantock Hills, and deals with the period of the Monmouth Rebellion. This period has often been treated in fiction, but in "Triscombe Stone" the material is handled with great freshness and spirit. The novel is well proportioned, and the interest is steadily maintained. The enthusiastic affection for Somerset which breathes through every page will be a recommendation to many and will displease nobody.

Fletcher of Saltoun is known as the maker of a saying of world-wide reputation about the songs of a nation—a very uncharacteristic saying, by the way. Those who want to know more about him had best consult the monograph, of which he is the subject, contributed by Mr. G. W. T. Omond to the "Famous Scots Series" (Oliphant). It is a dry book, not at all a dull one—a very different matter. Fletcher was a gritty person; his hot enthusiasms spent themselves in legal and parliamentary matters. There is abundant romance in his life; only the exclusive reader of fiction and light verse is likely to pass it over. He had every virtue that the copy-books say must lead to success—industry, earnestness, honesty, tenacity, and steadiness of purpose; and his life was a

signal failure. Mr. Omond has generalised very little; his summary of the character of the man is of the briefest. I do not say he has missed a chance, for the limits of space at his command were rigid, and the narrative of the fight over the Scottish Union needed much elaboration. But there is a chance open to him, or another, worth embracing. Fletcher is a most interesting human type, not too rare either. He is the idealist in practical life, which does not mean the Utopian, for he dealt with hard facts and actualities; he adopted politics as his particular sphere, and omitted none of the labours or the drudgeries exacted of the practical man. Yet, let such an one labour and drudge and recognise actual life as he will, he is bound to be beaten. Idealism in an alien sphere will revenge itself.

Miss B. E. Parsons has made some pleasing pictures for Mrs. Radford's poems, "A Light Load" (Elkin Mathews). Most of these poems, if not

all of them, have seen the light before; but they deserve a new welcome in their new guise. Their simplicity is quite unaffected. Their themes—country life and flowers and children—and the director, more familiar emotions, seem the very themes that fit her powers and her range of expression, and that means success. Her "Heart of Home"—"Oh, what know they of harbours who toss not on the sea?"—is a real song, and as a rival to it in pleasantness I would name "Evening," with its picture of the Veiled Lady charming mortals to sleep—

My rest is full, I have
rest to spare,
I whisper it through your
grass.

As a change from ready-made fiction of the sensational kind, I can recommend a legal report, "The Trial of Shama Charan Pal" (Lawrence and Bullen). The trial took place at the Howrah Sessions, November 1894, and was an account of the murder and robbery of a Brahmin. The evidence against a friend of his, one Shama Pal, sprang up on all sides; the Government pleader took for granted that he was guilty; the police for the most part conspired to colour the evidence against him; and his own grandchild appeared as a hostile witness. Had it not been for the quick wits of Mr. Manomohan Ghose, who scented a

conspiracy, and made a thorough investigation of the circumstances and evidence, detecting endless lying in the latter, it would have gone hard with an innocent man. No fiction that I know of will give a clearer and more vivid idea of village life in Bengal, its customs, tempers, hardships, domestic arrangements, its jealousies and intrigues, than does this detailed legal report, with all the statements of the witnesses, the speeches of prosecutor, advocate, and judge. Mr. Ghose, an ardent and disinterested reformer—who, unfortunately, died in the end of last year—prepared the documents for publication with a view to altering certain things in Indian administration by the force of public opinion. But merely as a revelation of an unfamiliar phase of life, in a region under British rule, and within a few miles, too, of the seat of Government, it has interest and even excitement enough. An introductory survey of the trial and of the condition of things it reveals has been specially written for the report by Miss Orme, LL.B., with admirable clearness and point.

o. o.



THRUSHES' NEST IN A BASKET.
Photo by J. T. Newman, Berkhamstead.

THE DUMPIES ROCKABYE RHYMES

FRANK VERBECK.
DISCOVERED BY ALBERT W. LOW RAINES.
HISTORIAN.

[Copyrighted by The Sketch.]



Now in one portion of the Land of Low Mountains there are sweet meadows used only for the cultivation of flowers. It is here that the honey-makers gather, and it is known as Bumblebee Land. The flowers there are of short growth, like the Dumpies themselves, and are believed by them to have a language, and the power of travelling about between sunset and sunrise. Many tales are told of them to the Dumpy babies. One of their favourites has been put into rhyme for the special use of the little prince, the Royal Dumplingette. Some of the words which could not be translated have been left in the original Dumpy tongue.

THE BUTTERCUP BABIES.

Two Buttercup babies of Bumblebee Land—
Where hunters of honey-pots dwell—
Scampoodled one night when the meadows were dark,
For they said, "We will go on a gay little lark
To a moon-rippled shore where the Jollicum band
Hold revels, as many do tell;
For the Bumblebee boys have been there,
Oh, yes,
And the Butterfly maidens so fair,
We guess,
Then, ho, for the Jollicum dell!"

Oh, the Buttercup babies are blooming and gay,
And their faces are lighted with gold;



And the moon hurried out
as they hastened along,
For the Buttercup babies
caroodled a song
That mixed with the moonlight
and floated, they say,
To the shores of the
Cuddlesome Cold.

And they sang, "We're off for the place,
Oh, yes,
Where the men of the Jollicum race,
We guess,
Their riotous revelry hold."

It was far to the home of this Jollicum band,
And they reached it precisely at ten.
'Tis a marvellous spot where these rollickers be—
There is frolicsome fruit on each frivolous tree,

And the water goes gamboling
over the sand

To a wonderful *gobblesome*
glen.

And the Buttercups shouted,
"Ho, ho,

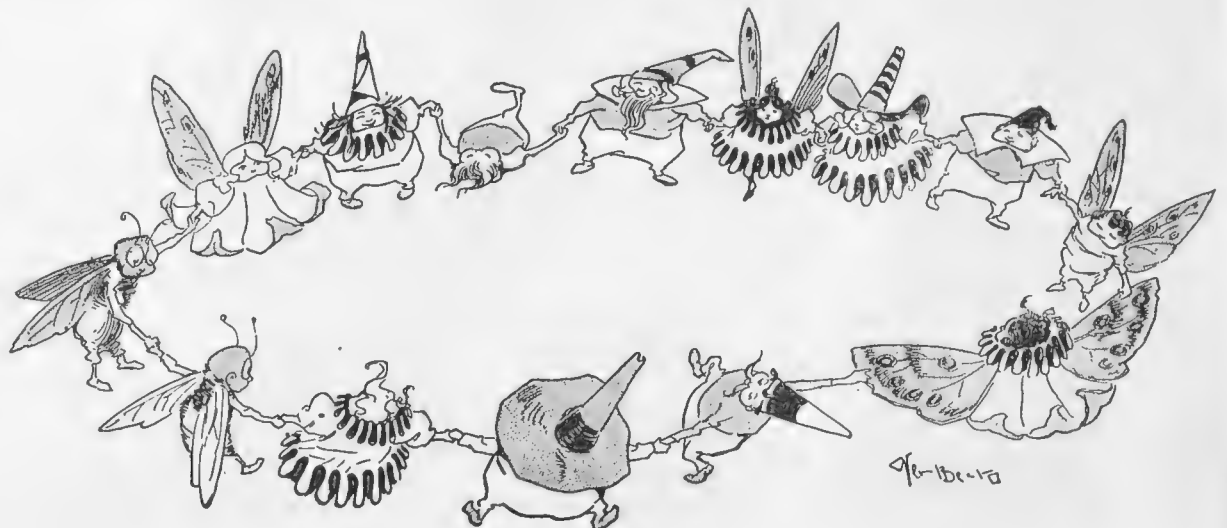
Oh, yes,

You had better go on with your
show,

We guess,

You funny old Jollicum men."

Then the Jollies joined hands in
the merry moonlight,
And went scampering over
the ground:



And they wiggled their fat little bodies about
As they waddled along in a ludicrous rout,
And the Buttercup babies looked on with delight
As they *pilly-po-doddled* around.



Then they shouted, "Oh, Jollicum band,
We guess
It is sunrise in Bumblebee Land,
Oh, yes,"
And vanished away with a bound.

And now in the Bumblebee country you'll find
The Buttercup babies again;
And all the day long do the Butterflies come,
And the Bumblebee *bum-m-m*, and the Humming-birds
hum-m-m;



And gaily they talk when they've daintily dined
Of the land of the *gobblesome* glen,
While the Buttercups whisper, and say,
"Oh, yes,
We're quite as well posted as they,
We guess,
On these jovial Jollicum men."

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

"Do we love best in the Spring?" This idyllic theme is discussed in the *Idler* with that humorous evasion to which sentiment always reduces the English writer. A Frenchman would deal with such a question in a spirit of absolute gravity and candour. He would run over the extensive calendar of his loves, collating them with their respective seasons; and for at least twenty years of his life you would have his amorous excursions carefully docketed, and tied up with blue, very blue, ribbon. The record might not be altogether edifying, but, with every allowance made for vanity, it would be tolerably exact. The French may be as frivolous as you please; but they do tell you the truth about their affections. This—after the incomparable grace and dexterity of their literary method—is the chief charm of their books. Why do we read French novels? Not, as some moralists tell you, to steep ourselves in a slime forbidden to English fiction; but to enjoy the sincerity and clarity with which the French writer unveils the innermost recesses of his thought. Nothing is kept back. You may say there is a lack of becoming reticence now and then; but, at all events, you know the author's mind, and feel that he never pretends to be what he is not, to please some masquerading public.

Well, the debaters in the *Idler* are coy and inconclusive. One gentleman protests that he has never loved in the Spring; another tells a vague anecdote of a friend who had a new Dulcinea every week; a third falls back on Tennyson and the "young man's fancy." Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon takes the temperature of the English Spring to be forty-three degrees, and asks how it is possible to love with a shiver in your spine, as if all our love-making were practised out of doors, as if, forsooth, there were no snug opportunities in the decorum of an open fire. Personally, I think the amative properties of Spring have been overrated, like the wisdom of Wordsworth's "impulse from a vernal wood," which he supposed to be more philosophic than the sages. Miss Dixon says the Russians are an amorous people, because they pass from the bleakest winter into the hottest summer, with no frigid British Spring intervening. Is it then impossible, or even difficult, to love not wisely but too well in the depth of a Russian winter? I grieve over the sophisticated spirits of the *Idler*. As for the gentleman whose heart is never enslaved in the Spring-time, I would forgive him, had he told us that the sweet delirium took him unawares with absolute indifference to seasons, and had he given us a few examples of that great truth. O, my brethren and sisters, if you must discuss this topic, why not seek the unwonted refreshment of a little candour? I would not say of you, in Mr. Meredith's phrase, that you have "neither salt nor soul." You have both; but where there is no explicitness, the soul withers for lack of air; and if the salt have lost its savour, wherewith shall it be salted?

Still, candour is a virtue not unknown to some of our controversialists. Take Lady Desart in the *National Review*. One of the periodical attacks on the "marriage market" prompted Lady Jeune to reply that the market does not exist. Damsels of Society, in whatever season they love best, are no longer coerced by "worldly mothers" into uncongenial mating. When eyes look love to eyes that speak again, there is no sordid chaperon to rebuke the ardent gaze, and turn the too-responsive orbs to a less attractive wooer. But Lady Desart assures us that the damsel has no eyes, save for her frocks and her bicycle, till her "worldly mother" has found the eligible young man who may be looked at without danger. Up and down the market goes mamma, carefully appraising likely bachelors, and, when she has found the most suitable candidate, her daughter knows, by dutiful instinct, that this is the man she must marry. Some of us have thought this system the figment of old-fashioned satirists; but Lady Desart justifies it, not without shrewdness, as the only principle on which happiness can be secured for the girl who cannot exist without luxury. Perhaps you have some lingering sentimentalism about affinities of souls, two hearts that beat as one, the moral authority of love at first sight; but Lady Desart is not to be put off with such nonsense. "Where is the moral difference between recognising a man or a woman as your true mate because he or she has beautiful features or a lovely figure, or because he or she has got the cash with which it is possible to make the path of life enchanting, and to remove the rocks and shoals whereon so many have made shipwreck?" Her ladyship's grammar is peculiar, but her meaning is plain. The sophists of the *Idler* must revise their thesis. Is it when the green is bursting from the twig, and the gay but well-conducted hyacinths are shining in the Park, that we love the cash-box best?

Isn't this a spectacle of real courage—the "worldly mother" at bay, snapping her fingers at the sentimentalists, asserting her right to do what she thinks best for her brood, and boldly putting the higher affections and the need of money on the same basis? Don't you see her at the altar, when the parson, repeating the marriage service (revised version), says, "Who giveth this woman to this cash-box?"—don't you hear her exclaim, regardless of precedent, "I do"? Usually, this is the function of papa; but has he a better right to figure in this part of the ceremony than the mother, who has borne the burden and the heat of the chase for the bridegroom with the cash, which alone can "make the path of life enchanting"? We must revise the Church service; but we must begin by revising the nursery rhymes, in order that they may instil great principles into the mind of the infant maid who is to be brought up to this great destiny. If I may offer a suggestion to Lady Desart, it is that she should compile an anthology of the nursery bards for the use of mothers. How touching it would be to hear a young matron soothing her babe with this instructive lay!

Baby, Baby Bunting,
Mamma'll go a-hunting,

To find a cash-box full of tin,
To put her Baby Bunting in!

Another charm of this anthology, by the way, would be the excitement of literary critics over the exclusion of traditional masterpieces of our infantile literature. For instance, there might be a really world-shaking debate over this significant piece of minstrelsy—

Goosey, goosey, gander,
Whither do you wander?
Up stairs, down stairs,
In my lady's chamber.

How can you have the face, sir,
Not to know your place, sir?
For cash, and not for heart, meant,
Is that divine apartment!

Consider, too, how absorbing is this maternal responsibility. Perhaps you had thought that a mother, in this emancipated age, has time for the stir and stress of woman's suffrage. She cannot always be minding the baby; she must refresh her intellect with foreign affairs. Clearly, that is not Lady Desart's view. When her baby-girl is in the cradle, the young mother must be scouting in the market, looking for cradled infants of the other sex, and shaking their money-boxes experimentally. I will offer another suggestion to Lady Desart. Why not provide the male infant with a handsome money-box, with his expectations marked on it in plain figures, so that the marketing mother of baby-girls, when she is praising his beauty, weight, and so forth, can make a mental note of his commercial value? In forgotten novels you read how match-making mothers cast the matrimonial horoscopes of children who are barely short-coated. That calculation is supposed to be unknown to our present stage of enlightenment; but Lady Desart's article proves that, if the quest of the cash-box is to be triumphant, it cannot begin too early, and that the mother who keeps a practised eye on the market quotations, and trains her daughter to despise the romantic fudge which poets have written about love and marriage, has no leisure for any other occupations. Here is the real obstacle to the woman's franchise movement; and I hope the champions of that enterprise will take heed of it.

Why should not the dramatists take heed? In his introduction to the translation of M. Augustin Filon's book on the English stage, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones complains that our modern drama is dead—killed by the public indifference to serious ideas. Apart from any criticism of Mr. Jones's dramas, I have always thought them to be full of ideas, and I do not appreciate his haste to perform his own obsequies. I would say to him, "Henry Arthur Jones, writer of plays, here is a subject ready to your hand—the tragi-comedy of the worldly mother. Don't tell me it has been done. I have seen mothers on the stage who made a show of acting up to Lady Desart's philosophy; but they were feeble images; you knew they would surrender in the last act to the penniless artist in a velveteen jacket, who had wooed the disobedient daughter, and that the curtain would fall on the tearful mother, begging her child's forgiveness. Give us a play called 'The Marriage Market'—what better title could you have, you who are so skilful with titles?—and show us the Desartian mamma in the glory of her indomitable confidence. May I suggest two lines of dialogue as typical of the character? 'Madam,' says a sentimental friend, when the market has mysteriously gone wrong, 'are you not a little shaken?' 'My good man, in my world nothing is shaken except the cash-box!'"

M. Filon is not a sceptic like Mr. Jones. He believes in the English drama—sees it adapting itself more and more to the form and pressure of modern life. Let us take heart of grace from this foreign observer. At all events, the drama of worldly prudence has yet to be written, the drama which will show how money governs our simplest instincts, and how impossible it is for maidens, properly brought up, to love outside the Desartian code—even in the Spring!

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

English colonisation has not forgotten to take football with it. In the Transvaal the recent troublous times have not produced any restraining influence upon the Rugby game. The Diggers' Football Club, of which team a portrait appears on this page, have lately concluded a very successful season by winning for the second year in succession the Adler Shield. When they win this trophy for the third time, which at present appears a very likely contingency, the shield will become their personal property. Another satisfactory feature of the season has been the capture of the Transvaal Rugby Union Grand Challenge Cup, also for the second year in succession. During 1896 the Diggers played seventeen cup-matches, winning fifteen and losing two.

The members of this club are all in the employment of the Rand Gold-Mines, the captain being the secretary of the New Primrose Mine. Rugby football is remarkably popular on the Rand, and is entered into with much zest by the mining population, who, it is to be hoped, are wise enough to steer clear of the Amateur and Professional embroglio which is doing so much to wreck the game in this country.

CRICKET

The group given below is the New Zealand cricket team which was the only club able to defeat the Queensland Association combination that went touring a little while ago. A team representing Maoriland has never yet left the shores of New Zealand, but it is the full intention of the New Zealand Cricket Council to send a side to Australia during the season of 1898-9. Cricket in New Zealand has made immense strides. The Queensland Eleven, which was defeated by 147 runs, was

an extremely fine combination, and included Mr. S. Donahoo, a brilliant left-handed batsman, who will, no doubt, be seen in England during the next Australian tour. Mr. S. P. Jones, who is an old friend of Englishmen, was also on the side, together with Dr. Macdonald, while the bowling honours were divided between W. McGlinchey, J. Byrnes, and W. Hoare. In every other match but against All New Zealand the Queensland Eleven proved successful.

Cricket in New Zealand has, it is perhaps needless to remark, made a greater development in the batting than in the bowling. This is, of course, the situation also in America, and, perhaps it would be as well to add, at the English Universities also. Somehow or other, New Zealanders are not greatly anxious to gain bowling fame.

GOLF.

Golf-sticks are a mystery to the uninitiated. They have been the source of countless jokes even in the pages of *Punch*. The masher and the spoon have particularly lent themselves to the wag. To the golfer, however, a good club is a prized possession. He cherishes it as carefully as his own pet billiard-cue. Once on a time it was supposed that the only reliable clubs were those made in Scotland, or which, at all events, bore the name of a Scottish maker. No good thing, in the opinion of the old golfer,

could come out of London. But a new generation has arisen on the links and greens of England which knows not the old name so dear at St. Andrews. Let a driver or cleek or iron be well made, and the average English player cares not by whom it is made. This is a frame of mind which is encouraged by such houses as George G. Bussey and Co., of 36, Queen Victoria Street. A comprehensive sheet which they have

C. Bezers. W. Sprigg. G. Deventish. P. Scott. D. Hume.
R. Adcock. J. Andrew. A. Larrard. G. Deventish. H. Forbes. T. Andrew.



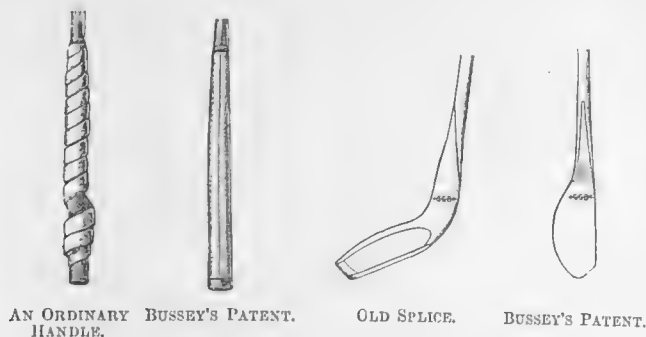
D. Cope. C. Smith. D'Arey Thompson. D. Erskine. F. Alexander.
THE DIGGERS' TRANSVAAL RUGBY TEAM.
Photo by F. E. Pollard, Kimberley.



NEW ZEALAND CRICKETERS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STANDISH AND PREECE, CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.

issued, with drawings of their various "implements" for the game, shows, indeed, that they claim to have introduced a number of improvements. Here, for instance, is a new handle. Some players like the rough coil of leather, because they can grip it well; but others are irritated when the coil gets loose, and Messrs. Bussey have patented a



handle which, as they maintain, always keeps tight. They have also introduced a new splice; they have substituted a system of "poising" in the head of the club, instead of the old style of "leading," and among other novelties is a seamless steel socket. Their "expert" caddie, an automatic contrivance which opens and closes its legs when placed upon or raised from the ground, is also an interesting feature of their sheet.

HOCKEY.

Hockey to-day is enjoying more than the mild popularity which was its lot a few years ago. In the metropolitan district, the season just concluding has been a most encouraging one, and shows that in the general revival of sport this vigorous game is not at all in the rear.

The Bromley Club has been particularly successful, and it may almost be said that hockey in the metropolitan district concentrates in them. They head the table of leading Southern clubs with 39 points, 22 games having been played, 19 of which were won, 2 lost, and 1 drawn, the goals scored for being 134, and against, 25. A study of the detailed record of this club is sufficient to substantiate its claims to a high position of superiority, for in almost every match the goal margin of victory has been exceptionally wide. The biggest triumph was over Croydon, by 13 goals to nil. The two clubs to beat them were Wimbledon (by 3-2) and Westgate (by 1-0), while with East Sheen a draw of 3 goals occurred.

The membership of the club is now over seventy, and during the season they have been able to play three teams with marked success.



R. J. H. Lovell (capt.).
BROMLEY HOCKEY TEAM.
Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

The second team's record is 20 played, 10 won, 9 lost, 1 drawn, and 92 goals to 50. The third have played 15, won 8, lost 6, drawn 1, and scored 69 goals against 54.

It is a fine tribute to Bromley hockey that the Kent County Team consists mainly of Bromley players. The Kent team, by the way, have been rather unfortunate. They have played only three matches, fixtures with Cheshire and Lancashire having been scratched on account of inability to send a team up North. Of these three, two (with Middlesex and Surrey) have been lost, and the other, the return with Middlesex, was drawn.

Surbiton occupy the next best position in the table, with a record to date of 23 matches played; 16 won, 2 drawn, 5 lost; goals for, 100; against, 29; and points 34. Wimbledon, Putney, Teddington, and Southgate have also acquitted themselves in good style.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

We can hardly expect the Queen to attend either at Epsom on Derby Day or at Ascot on Cup Day, even in this the Diamond Jubilee year. The fatigue would be too great, and her Majesty is an old lady now. However, if she did happen to signify her intention of going to either place, how different would be the arrangements from those that obtained when she saw her first Derby nearly sixty years ago! It is said that on that occasion so little provision was made that at luncheon the bread ran out, and a loaf had to be begged from a neighbouring table.

It must be doubly gratifying to Mr. Gubbins to have won the Two Thousand Guineas with Galtee More, as the latter is home-bred, and is a worthy son of Kendal, who, it will be remembered, was sold by Mr. Gubbins to Mr. Platt for a large sum a couple of years back. Mr. Gubbins is a fine old Irish gentleman. He hunted for many years in his native land, and, when racing under the name of "Mr. Leigh," he started a big stable of jumpers in the neighbourhood of Lewes, with Mr. Lushington as manager. But the chasers did not do much good.

We may yet have to reckon with Vesuvian in the Derby, as John Porter knows precisely how to train an animal for the Epsom race. At the same time, everything up to now appears the plainest of plain sailing for Galtee More. The Epsomites hoped to have seen Velasquez successful, but this is not likely to be. By-the-bye, in a recent article I stated that Lord Rosebery was Lord of the Manor of Epsom. I find I was wrong, as Mr. James S. Strange has been Lord of the Manor of Epsom for nearly twenty years. I beg to apologise to Mr. Strange for my mistake.

A remarkable fact, and one that does not show them to be over-endowed with sagacity or caution, is that backers continue to lay odds on two-year-olds early in the season. It is a foolish practice when there is previous public running as a guide to investment; but it is sheer madness when the only reason for doing so is a home gallop. It may seem strange that I should point this out just after several two-year-old favourites have won with odds betted on them, but that makes me the more disposed to warn those who might from this very reason be led into this form of speculation.

The Chester Cup still holds its own, although, strange to say, the old item was under a cloud until the Duke of Westminster gave some Cheshire cheese to the owners of the first three in the race. His Grace looks like winning the Cup this year by the aid of Shaddock, who has, I am told, done well in his work of late. The Rush may run well, despite his weight, and believers in horses for courses have yet one more string to their bow in Kilsallaghan, who has, the Irish reporters say, returned to his old form.

The crowd to see the race for the Kempton Jubilee Stakes run for on Saturday will, if the anticipations of Mr. S. H. Hyde are fulfilled, be a biggest on record. The course is in splendid order, and the five-furlong track is thickly covered with herbage; so, for the matter of that, is the old round course. Mr. Calvert holds a strong hand, but his candidates may not be quite so good as they have been painted, and I think Kilcock will win if he can beat The Lombard, who is fancied by Captain Machell.

IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

The singer of an elder day
Would often picture "Cupid's bower"
'Mid sylvan valleys far away
From all the turmoil of the hour.
To him it was a Lotus land
That knew not of the cares that cark,
When King Romance held full command—
He did not know St. James's Park.

For London's lovers pace o' nights
The gravelled path beneath the trees,
Where hansoms whirl with shining lights,
And liveried coaches roll at ease;
They may not hear the nightingale,
Nor yet the singing of the lark,
Yet can they tell the same old tale
What time they linger in the Park.

They do not heed the scornful stare
Of every careless passer-by;
They crowd the benches hard and bare—
Their love is somehow never shy.
They quite forget the dreary street,
As here they wander in the dark,
With arms that clasp and hearts that beat,
Around and round St. James's Park.

The spring may come, the summer go,
The leaves upon the tree may fade,
And Fashion may desert the Row
At Sunday morning's Church Parade;
But love is never out of date—
'Tis ever ready to embark,
And hearts will ever palpitate
A-wandering round St. James's Park.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

The second volume of the Isthmian Library, "The Complete Cyclist," is a complete success. Written by A. C. Pemberton, Mrs. Harcourt Williamson, C. P. Sisley, and Gilbert Floyd, edited by B. Fletcher Robinson, published by A. D. Innes and Co., and liberally supplied with illustrations, it is well worthy of the attention not only of beginners, but of experienced cyclists as well. The two chapters "On the Choice of a Machine," and the chapters headed "How to Keep a Machine in Good Order" and "How to Ride," are especially worthy of notice. Many intending purchasers anxious to procure a perfect-fitting bicycle will find the following table, drawn up by Mr. Pemberton, of use as a rough guide—

Height of Rider.				Diagonal Tube.	
From 5 feet 0 inches to 5 feet 3 inches	18 inches.	...
" 5 " 3 " 5 " 6 "	21 "	...
" 5 " 6 " 5 " 9 "	23 "	...
" 5 " 9 " 6 " 0 "	25 "	...
" 6 " 0 " 6 " 3 "	27 "	...

Of course the machine should be built with all its parts in proportion. The handles should be raised and the pedals should be wider in the larger machines. Wooden rims are, in the writer's estimation, "far and away" the best which can be possibly employed in a cycle. I was the first manufacturer of wood rims in this country, and naturally have had many facilities for discovering their failings and good points. Although I now have no further interest in them, I am so convinced of their superiority over metal that I should never dream of going back to steel for the rims of my machines." Upon the whole, he does not approve of transparent gear-cases, and he thinks, rightly enough, that "a filthy chain revolving in a leather box is not an object worthy of constant inspection." The last chapter, "How to Build a Bicycle," is apt to impart to the novice the amount of knowledge said to be a dangerous thing. Nevertheless, the chapter is an interesting one, and will, with the rest of the book, be eagerly read by the enthusiast.

There are not any articles of especial interest to cyclists to be found in the magazines of the month. "Cycling in Paris," by Clive Holland, in the *Lady's Realm* is worth glancing through, if the reader has nothing better at hand. In the *Badminton Magazine* Miss Margaret Orde deals with the hackneyed subject of "Cycling in Traffic," but she does not tell us anything new, for the simple reason that there is nothing new to tell. Mr. Alfred E. T. Watson, the Editor, contributes a brightly written story, entitled "An Over-Reach," and Captain Philip C. W. Trevor a distinctly amusing article on "Soldier Cricket." E. H. Parker's "Chinese Games and Sports" and the Rev. W. K. R. Bedford's "University Rowing Fifty Years Ago" are the other articles of interest to the general reader.

"The waggish Fleet Street Hunchback," as a notorious daily newspaper—not the *Daily Telegraph*—lately called Mr. Punch, tells us that, according to the *Novoye Vremya*, Li Hung Chang recently stated that the bicycle was a Chinese invention, known as the "happy dragon," in the year 2300 B.C., at which period it became so popular among Chinese ladies that their household duties were neglected; "the result being that cycling was suppressed by order of the Emperor." Some clever verses to the point are added, from which I quote the following—

A good old Li! Our ancient friend Chung Tong
Has beat the record with his "happy dragon";
Four thousand years ago 'twas flying strong,
Or All Fools' Day has set some Russian wag on
To draw a bow that's long.

It must have been a marvel to behold
Celestial ladies, alias "tottering lilies,"
Endeavouring to bike in days of old,
With feet all cramped—the slit-eyed little sillies
Soon over would have rolled!

Your "happy dragon" doubtless was a "pram."
Or early rickshaw, miserably laden
With Mrs. Mandarin, meek as a lamb
Inside, with babies and Manchu hand-maiden
Packed in a solid jam.

Perhaps a reason for this fable gay
May be its author has been dimly musing
O'er "Locksley Hall," and let his fancy play
On damsels of the Middle Kingdom using
A "Cycle of Cathay"!

An extremely useful "Cyclist's Pocket-Book" has been sent to me by Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co., of 2, Whitehall Gardens, Westminster. It contains an immense amount of information, condensed into a very small space, also a diary for the use of cycling tourists. A leather pocket-book case, large enough to contain the pocket-book and maps, supplied with loops by means of which it can be attached to the horizontal tube, may also be obtained from the publishers. Every cyclist should have one of these capital pocket-books at hand, not only while on tour, but at all times.

Modern cyclists may, roughly, be divided into five sets. First, we have the set—the right set—who ride with their heads; that is, who ride calmly and with judgment, determined to cover a maximum amount of ground with a minimum amount of exertion, also with a minimum amount of risk to themselves and to others. Secondly, there is the set who plod carelessly along, using their legs only, and who manage to indulge in a vast amount of exercise to little purpose. Thirdly comes the set who

grip the handles savagely, as though the handle-bar had done them some personal injury, and wished to repeat it. Cyclists of this class commonly ride with a set expression, their eyes bulging out of their heads, their teeth clenched, their elbows rigid. Then we see the detachment, consisting generally of ladies, who ride solely with the aid of the bell, and who expect all the traffic of London either to come to a standstill or else to turn down some side-street while they continue unmolested their triumphal progress. Lastly, there is the set of cyclists who do not ride at all, but simply stick on and go ahead, trusting to Luck with a large "L" and providence with a small "p" to see them through life and through the London traffic. The set that I have referred to first are in the minority. The last-named—the neck-or-nothing, devil-may-care set—abound, and they usually manage to peg along with impunity, until an omnibus or a water-cart, or some scorcher more reckless than themselves, put them out of their misery. Fatalists these men are, in the worst sense of the term. They maintain that we are each and all destined to die at some pre-arranged moment and in some pre-arranged place. If they kill a pedestrian in Piccadilly—well, he was fated to die in Piccadilly. If A had not doubled him up, B or C would have done so, or a motor-cab, or possibly a funeral-procession, would have crushed him. If A himself is killed, still it is Fate—"the all-seeing hand of Fate," as a Member for Tipperary said once. For my part, I think that God helps those who help themselves by using a bell in moderation and a brake with discretion, who look where they are going and go where they are looking.

Accidents not infrequently happen, especially to lady cyclists, through disregard for the rules of the road. A lady, for example, is peacefully riding along the right-hand side of a country lane, when a horse and trap approaches from the opposite direction. The driver, noticing that the lady is on the wrong side, thinks that he will let her have her own way, and bears slightly to his right. When within a few yards of the horse, however, the lady, realising suddenly that she is on the wrong side, promptly loses her head and makes a dash across the road, as likely as not under the horse's very nose. Probable result, a coroner's inquest.

In order to avoid so unpleasant a catastrophe, I would strongly urge ladies always to ride on the left side of the road where practicable, so that, if they suddenly meet another vehicle, they need be in no doubt as to whether or not they should cross the road. Possibly much of the indecision noticeable in lady riders is the result of ignorance as to the rule of the road; but, should any sufferer be so ungallant as to bring an action for damages against a lady, I fear she would find that the law would not regard ignorance as an excuse for what it would brutally designate "culpable negligence." If any of my readers find a difficulty in remembering the rule of the road, let them commit to memory the well-worn paradox: "If you keep to the left, you are sure to be right. If you go to the right, you go wrong." But let them also bear in mind that this rule applies only to our own country, and, if their fancy takes them across the Channel or over the Atlantic, they will find the rule of the road abroad, in most places, exactly the reverse of our own.

Livery-stable keepers have for some time regarded bicycles with dismay. I hear that it is likely in the future that cycles will be more often used at weddings than carriages. It seems that a short time ago two people were married in Norfolk, and that there was not a single carriage at the wedding; only bicycles were to be seen. Let us hope that the day was fine, and the winds less chilly than they have been of late, also that no tyres were punctured. I fear there is a bad time coming for wedding-carriage proprietors. Shall we in future venture on wheels to her Majesty's Drawing Rooms? I think, before we arrive at this, the Queen will have to alter the rules considerably regarding length of trains.

I believe it is well known that Mr. Bancroft has been an ardent cyclist for the last two years. I hear that when he and Mrs. Bancroft go abroad for their holiday, he takes his Beeston Humber and makes long and pleasant excursions into the country.

I hear that the High Commissioner for the Cape, Sir Alfred Milner, is very fond of the wheel, and that before he left this country for South Africa he was often seen enjoying the exhilarating exercise. No doubt he will encourage the taste for cycling which has already taken root in that colony.

The bulldog can claim to be the dog of the moment. American dog-fanciers ignore British claims to decide as to what are the real points of even this national canine type. The Americans prefer the French bulldog, with his distinctive "bat" ears, to the British "rose"-eared variety. Of course, it is all a matter of taste, or rather, in this case, all a matter of ear, for, with the exception of these important appendages, there is practically no difference between the French and the British bulldog. But it must be admitted that, if an ordinary person on this side of the Channel were shown a French bulldog and asked what kind of a dog it was, he would be very puzzled to say, and his perplexity would be entirely due to the fact that, in the place of the two dainty little turn-over "rose" ears, that give a sort of finish to the square, determined countenance the dog-fanciers love so well, he would see a round, pugnacious face surmounted by two "bat" ears, large in size, broad at the base, with rounded tops, and standing quite erect. This only shows, to the man who knows nothing about such matters, how easy it is to entirely alter the personal appearance of man or beast.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

VANITIES VARIOUSLY.

In the face of this long-continued and far-reaching east wind, summer really becomes a farce and the season a mockery! How, I ask, can anyone be blithe and gay to the poet's order when met at every street-corner by a dusty whirlwind, and shrivelled, even in the hottest sunshine, with keen-edged wind that blights one's complexion, rasps one's temper, and sprinkles with the fine irony of London dust one's best and newest toilettes? It really is time that some premonitory symptoms arrived of our generally attendant loyal royal weather. Tuesday's Drawing-Room was as cold as any of its early-spring predecessors, and the acerbity of the weather seemed to reflect itself in the "nerves" of some few who passed through the Throne-Room, judging from the asides and criticisms exchanged before the barriers were won through by some who got rather badly pushed about in the crowd. There is one situation only which compares with the crush of that polite and *décolletée* mob on Drawing-Room days, and that is the exit from the pit of a theatre of the impolite and mufti'd other, for of the dignified and leisured ease which one associates in one's mind with Court functions there is but little. Veils are crumpled and bouquets are crushed ruthlessly in the fray, while brand-new satins might as easily bear the brunt of a week's balls as the amenities of those weary half-hours before the Beefeaters' crossed lances. Many of the gowns worn on Tuesday were exceptionally beautiful; this year's fashion of fine and elaborate embroideries gives unusual value, decoratively speaking, to the costumes. The Hon. Mrs. Hugh M'Calmont's dress of white brocade with gold embroidery was a case in point, and another particularly pretty gown was worn by Miss Rumsey, whose débutante white satin was adorned with a flowing Louis Quinze design, admirably carried out on skirt and draped bodice in fine silver sequins and crystal beads. Mrs. W. B. Huntingdon's blue brocade was assisted to admiration with silver embroidery, and her married daughter, Mrs. Whitely, wore yellow and white very successfully.

One woman of my acquaintance was glorious in an old brocade in which her grandmother had gone to Court in early Victorian days. It is pearl-coloured, with little knots, of bright-pink roses and violets intermixed, scattered all over it. The voluminous skirt was transposed into skirt and bodice quite easily, while a pink velvet train, lined with pearl-colour satin, threw up the quaint old fabric to a miracle. The buttons of pink coral, set in old paste, which helped to deck the bodice, were part of the original gown, as was the Mechlin lace ivory with age which draped it.

It is said that, because of the almost universal mourning into which so many of the best Parisian families have been thrown through Tuesday's too terrible tragedy, the great ball in celebration of the Queen's Jubilee, which was fixed



ONE OF THE NEW FOULARDS.

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for June 9, at the Hôtel Continental, will not take place. Colonel Henry Mapleson, who was appointed Hon. Sec., had determined to give every possible significance to this brilliant occasion, at which "all Paris," in the social sense, and many English were expected to be present. But even should the ball be held as at first arranged it must necessarily suffer, as must, indeed, every social gathering in Paris for some time, from the terrible gap left by so lamentable an accident as that which has decimated the very flower of French society. The charitable object for which this

annual sale took place was founded by the ill-fated Marie Antoinette, and its successive presidents have always been taken from the very cream of the old French *noblesse*. The Duchesse de Mouchy and her no less influential vice-presidents, the Duchesse d'Albufera, the Vicomtesse d'Harcourt, and Madame Lebaudy, had worked so energetically for the many good works connected with the society that this year's sale was



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CHILD'S PELISSE IN PINK AND WHITE.

looked to as an inevitably phenomenal success. Miss Anna Gould, now Comtesse de Castellane, was one of the stall-holders, but mercifully escaped the fate that overtook so many others. The young Princesse Dominique Radziwill and the Princesse de Poix, also patronesses of the charity, were near the door and got free. Some friends who were actually on the point of entering the bazaar when the alarm was raised give descriptions that are too harrowing for repetition of the awful scene that took place before their eyes. The Duc de Massa's evening party on Sunday was one of several social fixtures postponed by this melancholy event, and the Baroness d'Aligny's pleasant afternoon dances at her charming rooms on the Quai d'Orsay are also put aside for the moment. I hear that for several days many shops showed only mourning materials in their windows, as if a national disaster had taken place, as, indeed, it may be said too truly to have done.

In Bond Street Madame Oliver Holmes is queening it this season with a particularly smart roll-call of charming varieties. Her salons are, as usual, a reflex of the last cry in modish matters, but dispensed with admirable taste and judgment. A quite bewildering display of charming frocks, each deserving its special note of admiration, left one embarrassed with descriptive riches, but I think this soft crêpe-de-Chine will be recognised as particularly worth reproduction, because of its many attractions. The colour is a periwinkle-blue, with graduated insertions of black Chantilly on the sun-pleated skirt and blouse-bodice. A sash of pale-mauve chiffon, harmonising to a miracle, is arranged at the back. The yoke is mauve silk, and, as is the case with all very new bodices, the pouched front is repeated at back—a flight of fashion which has much method in its madness, because of the becoming effect it bestows on one's waist. The sleeves of this frock are all of gathered Chantilly over blue crêpe, while dainty flounces of mauve and silk finish off a *chef d'œuvre*, with little frills at wrist, shoulder, and neck-band. Pretty, rustling taffetas are, I am glad to see, more than ever to the front. Nothing looks more fresh and summer-like than these resuscitated glacé silks in which our grandmamas went their simple ways. To me there is an old-world charm about them, too, which

not the most up-to-date style of arrangement can quite improve away. One which was shown me at Madame Oliver Holmes' combined the two shades of mauve and peach-colour, which of many "shot" arrangements is the chiefest and most charming. A daintily arranged bodice, with many gathers and lappets of Valenciennes, that should make any decently pretty girl look like an old picture, was supplemented by a skirt flounced and belaced to match. A dove-grey repp, with smart revers of white silk under guipure arranged in quite a new and most seductive fashion, was another of Madame Oliver Holmes' good effects. A very smart dark-blue alpaca, glorified to its utmost extent by the addition of a gay blouse of cherry-coloured muslin, checked and flowered to the last fashionable extent, charmed me greatly, all the more as its strident tones were more suggested than shown under a tiny jacket bolero, which had crossed lappets and several other Parisian arrangements of much subtlety in front. Epaulettes of gauged and piped navy-blue silk gave a final touch of smartness at the shoulders. A comparatively new departure and department with Madame Holmes, which only needs that smart mammas should know to avail of, is the addition of children's dainty frocks to other specialties of the establishment. One style, in white spotted muslin over pink silk, with frills and ribbons to enhance its attractiveness, is shown in sketch; others, in blue, cream, white, variously dainty and delicate, to still further etherealise ethereal childhood. Sun-bonnets and juvenile chignons of many sorts include themselves in the list of nursery prettinesses at 61, Old Bond Street, too. Of Madame Holmes' millinery I find space for only a single word, but the *mot* shall be in praise. The most picturesque hat possible is an early Victorian shape in string-coloured rush-straw, with clusters of mauve-pink hydrangea and rosettes of crêpe-de-Chine in various *nuances* to match; a turquoise satin straw, with ruchings of finely spotted tulle; a glorified poke shape in straw, the crown in black, with feathers to match, and bows of vivid-green ribbon, very erect, was charming; several toques in a novel shape, very much cut up to show the last manner of hairdressing, were only noticed in passing among so many other noticeable distractions.

Ibis-pink is the favourite Parisian colour, and a curious little toque brought over by a friend is of crinkled ibis-pink straw, the crown, very small, surrounded by a drapery of rolled pink tulle, while at the left side a plume of wings in coral and pink, purporting to be genuine ibis-feathers, stands very erect and rampant. Scarlet tartan is another *specialité* of the season which seems to hold the French affections very firmly, for on every other hat or frock of the first artistic water these enormous *voyant* checks are introduced, and with great effect, it must be added, too. Transparent muslins in bright blue, mauve, green, and red, with these aforesaid large checks interspersed with floral patterns of portentous size, are the *doyen* of all smart blouses this year. Never, indeed, has fashion been more decisive or single-minded, for instead of the various riot of colours which until recently overran each other on a single hat or dress, we are now, if inclined to be in and of the mode, confined to one single but brilliant note of colour; so that as the season advances and fine days appear (if, indeed, they ever will again) the race-meeting or garden-party should present a new and picturesque aspect altogether engaging. If the men would in their turn only take to bottle-green and plum-colour now, how much more cheerful, exteriorly, the world would look this summer!

One of the burning questions of the moment is undoubtedly that of table-decoration, which grows yearly more a fine art. This season the friendly rivalry of hostesses will become more than ever matter for profound consideration on the part of each, in view of the enormously increased round of festivities to which we are all bidden. The florist with original ideas is a *rara avis*, and therefore a pearl of price when found. One more than usually enterprising firm, possibly recognising the truism, has engaged the services of a lady artist with a particular faculty for this particular subject, and of six dinner-parties superintended and "arranged" under her clever auspices this week I am enabled to give the *modus operandi* of four, having made an admiring atom at each banquet. One dinner-table was done entirely in cherries and water-cress! Original, without doubt, all will admit, but charming, too. The fruit was wired so as to be quite erect, and, tied up with the vivid foliage, of *cressons* by cherry-coloured ribbons, made most attractive bouquets, set in low silver bowls and vases. Another table was set out with tiny orange-trees in fruit, which were hired for the evening. The centrepiece, of Mandarin Lyons velvet, dotted with small turquoise vases and bonbonnières in Sèvres and Minton, which the hostess commonly kept enshrined in a china-cabinet, gave that touch of contrast which is so acceptable in art or nature. The third table, a mass of delicate feathery grasses, such as one commonly associates with an Autumn meadow, set in slender glass tubes, tied with pink satin-ribbons, was very lovely, and the fourth festive function had been adorned with flame-coloured azaleas in a dozen varied shades of pinkish yellow, while the tablecloth was a lovely contrasting tone of pale-green linen, on which the dinner-service of turquoise Sèvres looked its most beautiful best. From the effect each scheme of decoration produced, I should think it would pay both florists and artists to combine resources on this fruitful—and flowerful—subject. The dinner-table hour is undoubtedly the *doyen* of the four-and-twenty, and its beautification might agreeably and profitably exercise the imaginative faculty of young artists.

Harking back to the matter of habiliments, which tend so much to the known fascinations of foulard, I find myself constrained to reproduce a charming summer-gown of mauve-colour in that material which has just been made for the Empress of Russia. A pattern of white crescents interlaced appears on the skirt, which is cut in the last

manner, with narrow breadths, and independently of its foundation. A group of pleats at the right side of skirt is drawn up to show the taffetas foundation underneath, which is at this part pleated and trimmed with a wide ruche of mauve and blue shot glacé silk mixed. The bodice is particularly well done, being draped in bias pleats, and fastening up with a frill of foulard, lined with blue, edged on both sides with narrow white Valenciennes. Small puffed sleeves are surmounted by little flounces of mauve foulard and blue silk respectively, while an elaborate collar of both materials is profusely adorned with Valenciennes gathered fully at the back. This dress hails from Paris, although the Empress is patriotically inclined to give her orders in the Russian capital as a rule, and so encourage native talent, which smart society in St. Petersburg does not unduly affect. In fact, the habit of "going to Paris for clothes" became so universal among all who could possibly or impossibly afford it, that three or four years since a society was formed among a few influential dames in the Romanoffs' capital which bound its members to the masterpieces of native talent exclusively. Whether this association still flourishes I cannot say, but that the roll-call of Russian clients has not abated among Parisian modistes may be gathered from the fact that one great man-milliner finds himself possessed of five rich Slavonic customers to one American, while he adds that the English are "comparatively economical and infrequent." So it cannot be laid down of us that we ignore the claims of our own modistes to favour the fascinating foreigner. A useful yet very smart style for everyday wear I can recommend in a device of Worth's, which in the original bottle-green alpaca is very attractive. The skirt, made with large gathers at the waist, is trimmed at foot with seven rows of silk braid woven in mauve and black, which is laid on in hoops between frills of shot green and mauve taffetas. This decoration extends half-way up the skirt, and is matched on bodice by hoopings of braid on the tabbed basque and collar. A pretty soft vest of cream mousseline-de-soie and lace, with rosettes of pale-green and mauve bébé-ribbon, which materials are repeated at neck and wrist, finishes one of the prettiest possible outdoor frocks.



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GOWN OF BLUE AND MAUVE WITH BLACK LACE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MATRON.—(1) The bolero or blouse-bodice would be quite wrong for a rotund figure like yours. Both are only suited to the slim and slender style. (2) Chantilly is the fashionable lace of the season. Dresses of it over white satin and silks in cherry-colour, apricot, or Nile-green will be much affected by prosperous matrons. Openwork gauzes and canvas, used in the same way, are also favourites. Why not get Madame Kreutzer, of Holles Street, to compose your smart gowns? She has excellent taste, and is always in the very van of fashion. (3) Get your maid to substitute Canfield dress-shields for the others. These are quite safe, and of the best quality; each pair is tested by the makers, so that the Canfield rubber dress-shields are guaranteed against the imperfections you complain of in those you have been accustomed to buy.

DÉBUTANTE.—(1) The ordinary florist's bouquet is "distressingly heavy" indeed. You have evidently not tried the "Sans-Gêne," which is a specialty with the Women's London Gardening Association, Sloane Street. It has had a great vogue since its introduction. (2) You will be very likely to match your old brocade at Debenham and Freebody's. They have a regular storehouse of genuine old Louis Quinze and Seize pieces at Wigmore Street, or, in case it could not be matched exactly, they would reproduce the length you require.

ELSIE.—It is all-important if you wish to dance gracefully that you should be well taught. I should recommend you to go to Miss Vincent, of 40, St. James's Street; she has taught many of the prettiest dancers among recent débutantes.

SYBIL.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on May 25.

THE MONEY MARKET.

It is necessary, we suppose, to say something under this heading, but it is difficult to find what that something shall be. There is nothing to record except a continuance of cheap money—so absurdly cheap that one might almost as well keep it in an old stocking as lend it at current market rates for call-money and short loans. The Bank of England Return is not quite so strong as that of the previous week, but the changes are absolutely devoid of any significance regarding the prospect of dearer money, seeing that the only one of the slightest importance is the demand for gold from Scotland, in accordance with the customary demand which is well recognised, and means nothing more than the demand on a Saturday for threepenny-pieces to contribute to Sunday's offertories.

THE SCOTCH "TERMS."

But, while this periodical demand from Scotland for gold is of regular recurrence, we find that some of our readers do not quite understand the reason for it. It can be briefly explained. In Scotland there are two Term-Days, falling respectively on May 15 and November 11, and these dates are fixed for the payment of many obligations for interest, just as January 1 and June 1 have their special influences in London. The Scotch banks work under special dispensations, which allow them to issue certain amounts of notes without specific security, and allow them also to increase their issues indefinitely, provided that they have a sovereign in the safe of their Head Office for every one-pound note issued in excess of the circulation authorised. That is a crude description of the peculiar regulations which govern the amount of note issue by Scotch banks; but it will serve to explain why the occurrence of a Scotch "term" involves the necessity of taking gold from London. Half-yearly payments at the Whitsunday and Martinmas "terms" involve the increase of the monetary circulation, and this is provided for by the curious process of bringing gold from London to Scotland, and then issuing notes against it for circulation by the branches of these banks in order to facilitate the settlement of such recurring claims. As a matter of fact, what happens is that a couple of clerks from each Scotch bank are sent up to get the gold from the Bank of England, or from the London agents of the Scotch bank, which amounts to the same thing, and then, when the special demand is over, the bullion is returned, probably without the sealed boxes having been opened.

AFRICAN LETTER.

Our Johannesburg correspondent sends us the following interesting letter on the Heidelberg district, and in particular on the Nigel Heidelberg Roodepoort Mines—

THE HEIDELBERG (NIGEL) DISTRICT.

The Nigel Reef, with which the Heidelberg district of the Transvaal has come to be associated, is generally regarded as the complement of the Main Reef series on the northern side of the basin. A few years ago there were a few faddists foolishly enough to predict that reefs like the Nigel, Rietfontein (Du Preez), &c., would yet be found underlying every property on the Main Reef proper, but it is now regarded as a waste of time to look for the Nigel Reef anywhere else than in the Heidelberg district or close to it.

Some experts profess to see a similarity between this rich ore body and one of the reefs on the New Blue Skyground of the East Rand group, and upon this and other circumstances is based the theory that the Main Reef series strike north-east from the Blue Sky through Klipfontein, Kleinfontein, Van Ryn, and Modderfontein, afterwards describe something like a semicircle, and enter the Nigel property from the east after traversing Virchkull, Marievale, Rand Nigel, &c. The Nigel Reef, as the ore body is here termed, traverses the Nigel property roughly from east to west, the dip being to the north. Passing out of the property beyond No. 9 shaft, it is supposed to strike in a south-westerly direction through the Ryan Nigel into the property of the Florida Company, where it is distinctly traced, though the assays so far are wretchedly poor. What is still claimed as the Nigel Reef is traced on a number of other farms for a great distance further on to Greylingstad, where is the Heidelberg Roodepoort Mine, and even beyond to the Hex River.

Despite years of prospecting and exploratory work, the Nigel Reef is still only able to boast of a couple of mines actively at work—the Nigel proper and the Heidelberg Roodepoort. Only the former has yet paid dividends—47½ per cent. in 1892, 50 in 1893, 50 in 1894, and 20 in 1895. On Oct. 1, 1895, just before the boom burst, Nigels were quoted at £7 10s. Of late the shares have gone a-begging at 30s. Speaking generally, they were possibly as much over their intrinsic value at 150s. as to-day they are under what may be considered a fair price for a speculative security, as this unquestionably is.

The thin reef which traverses the property is exceedingly erratic, at one place abnormally rich, a few feet away poor, and every now and again it is lost in this or that portion of the mine, only to be recovered as rich as ever. It is a difficult and an expensive mine to work, but possibly a small battery is best suited to this and other mines in the Heidelberg district. It would then be best to adopt the same tactics as in quartz mining—to work only the richer portions of the mine. With its enlarged battery the Nigel will crush an increased tonnage of ore, but possibly it would pay the shareholders better to run no more than thirty stamps.

It is now beginning to be realised on the Rand that the policy of big batteries is not always justified by results.

To show how the results at a mine like the Nigel may vary, let us take the returns of the last two years. The averages for 1895 and 1896 do not by any means represent the extreme fluctuations, but they are sufficiently striking to answer the purpose—

	Tons crushed.	Battery yield.	Cyanide yield.	Gross yield per ton.
1895	29,294	1457 dwt.	1522 dwt.	£4 13s. 9d.
1896	27,449	895 dwt.	1191 dwt.	£2 19s. 0d.

The Heidelberg Roodepoort, so far, has been a dismal failure. It is simply impossible to reconcile the wretched results obtained since the mill started in October last with the glowing report on the property made by Mr. G. W. Starr on Aug. 4, 1895. Mr. Starr is an American expert, Consulting Engineer to the

firm of Barnato Brothers, and we cannot dissociate his report from the fact that, a few days after it was published, the boom being then near its height, the shares of this company went as high as 7½. 6d., to fall in recent weeks to 5s.

Mr. Starr reported that "samples taken from 143 points gave an average of 14 dwt. for 2 ft. 2 in. average thickness. To get at the probable value of the ore," continued Mr. Starr, "I will take from data in my possession a rough but safe estimate of, say 6 dwt. over the plates and 4 dwt. from the cyanide process, which gives the total value of the yield per ton at 33s. The total cost per ton, including mining, milling, development, cyaniding, general and depreciations, should not exceed 23s. per ton, which leaves a profit of 10s. per ton." Now, compare this with actual results. From the starting of the 40-stamp mill in October last to Dec. 31 the totals and averages were as follows—

	Tons crushed.	Battery yield.	Cyanide yield.	Gross yield per ton.
Actual results	13,689	354 dwt.	188 dwt.	16s. 6d.
Mr. Starr's estimate	—	6 dwt.	4 dwt.	33s. 0d.

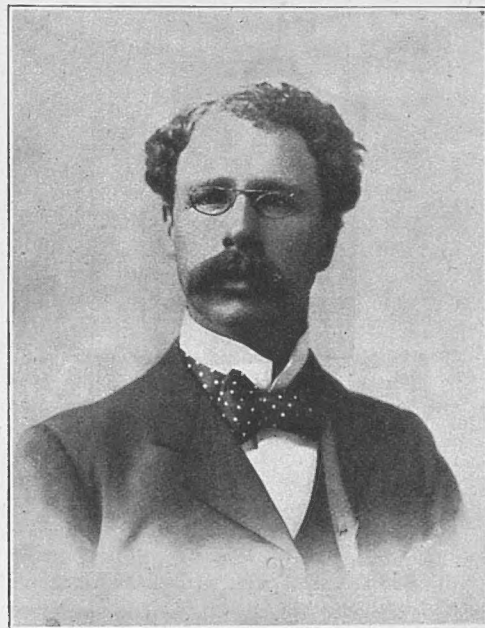
The actual yield for the first three months was precisely 50 per cent. of the estimate made by Mr. Starr, and which that gentleman characterised as "rough but safe." Recent returns have not been appreciably better. For example, the January averages were 3.33 dwt. and 2.57 dwt. respectively, and those for February 2.83 dwt. and 1.33 dwt. Some explanation ought to be vouchsafed to the public for the discrepancy between these figures and Mr. Starr's "rough but safe" estimate, and if this be not forthcoming, then it is for shareholders to invite Mr. Barnato to explain. It was the same American expert, by-the-bye who reported favourably on the Buffelsdoorn property, the shares of which subsequently rose to £9 5s., and now the best that Mr. Starr himself can make of the property—for he has assumed the management—is a return quite insufficient to pay working-costs.

A number of other properties in the Heidelberg region are struggling at the moment to keep themselves before the public, but the entire district may be said to be under a cloud.

The Rand Nigel is the most promising property next to the Nigel itself. Marievale is believed to have only a small portion of the outcrop, but it will probably transpire that it has a considerable area of dip-ground. The Nigel Deep has struck the reef very rich. Other properties on the dip of the Nigel proper have not yet had time to be opened up, and some of them are closed down owing to the unfavourable conditions of mining.

Of the district as a whole it may be said that it has never had a fair chance. It is a most difficult district to prospect, on account of the depth at which the reef is generally to be found, beneath overlying deposits of soil, coal, limestone, &c. Moreover, many of the claims have been in the hands of weak holders unable to undertake the expense to prove the reef.

Mr. Herbert Molyneux, whose portrait we give, has been more identified than any other man with tracing the extension of the Nigel Reef. Much patient endeavour and hard work resulted in his discovering the reef on the property which he subsequently floated, now known as the Molyneux Consolidated Mines. Later on Mr. Molyneux discovered the reef on the Western Molyneux, and subsequently on the property of the Victoria Estate and Gold-Mines, Limited. He has been associated with the Rand mining industry from its earliest days, and is held in high repute in Johannesburg.



MR. HERBERT MOLYNEUX.

Photo by Duffus Brothers, Johannesburg.

CONSOLIDATED GOLDFIELDS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

We cannot say that the proceedings at the meeting of this company threw much light on the reasons which led to the resolution adopted by the meeting to double the capital and issue the new shares at par. The reasons for this extraordinary step may have been adequate, but, if so, an explanation of the circumstances was surely to be looked for, and we fail to see that it was given. Mr. Rudd is reported as having said that, personally, he did not like the resolution, but that there was no other course open. By this declaration we presume he means that there was no other course open than the increase of capital. For that we are quite prepared to take his word, but there is more than one way of carrying out such an operation. In the interests of the general body of shareholders, surely it would have been better to issue the new capital at something like the current market-value of equivalent rights. It seems such a pity that an important company like this, in whose shares there is such a conspicuously speculative market, should have propounded and carried a scheme which so readily might have lent itself for the use of market-manipulators. The recent movements in Goldfields shares can certainly not be explained mathematically.

When the remuneration of the managing director was capitalised in the booming times, and on the basis of the profits of those happy days, we protested in these columns that a more foolish piece of business was never done even by the stupidest body of shareholders of which financial history has any record, and we suppose the truth of our words must now have become self-evident even to the wildest of the mob who so gaily voted for that job. It is too late to cry over spilt milk in the case of the Goldfields, but the object-lesson is well worth remarking upon as a warning to others. We hang murderers and punish thieves

pour encourager les autres, and, on the same principle, the disasters which have overtaken the silly people who so gaily gave millions to Messrs. Rudd and Rhodes for rights which very soon may be worth practically nothing should not pass unnoticed.

The Chartered Company did the same, and we imagine that in that case too the Rudd-Rhodes combination have occasion to smile at the simplicity of the shareholders who so readily voted away their inheritance.

COMPANY LAW REFORM.

It is universally recognised that it has become a crying necessity that something should be done to correct the abuses which are not only permitted, but practically invited, by the Companies Acts as they stand at present. The matter has been solemnly dealt with by a Select Committee, and a Bill is now in progress in Parliament intended, no doubt, to put things right. But we do not find in that Bill any provision which is likely to achieve the desired object, and we have a suggestion to put forward which, we think, will meet with general approval. It is thus put by a correspondent—

I have been foolish enough on one or two occasions to apply for or buy shares in questionable mining companies, and I have lost my money. That is my concern. But a result which is of greater importance than my personal gains or losses in speculative investments is that I am now deluged with prospectuses of companies of all sorts and conditions. I will not trouble you with a full record, because I know you would not publish it. But what I want to say is that, if you want to know how the public is gulled, you ought to get somebody to apply for shares in a company whose prospectus is, on the face of it, a humbug.

I have been in receipt of the most extraordinary prospectuses during the past twelve months, and my name and address have evidently been got from the share registers of some other company. Of cycle prospectuses I could send you enough to cover a cinder-track; I could do almost as much with hotels and restaurants which are approaching the gullible British public with applications for money.

But my particular grievance at the present moment is the influx of Jubilee Procession prospectuses. Surely Parliament could legislate to guard against such palpably misleading propositions as the majority of these are.

We agree with our correspondent as to the general question, and also as to the Jubilee prospectuses, but unfortunately the Legislature and the Law Courts will proceed on the assumption that the investor studies a prospectus with more intelligence than is actually the case.

THE ARGENTINE POSITION.

There is no doubt that the commercial position in Buenos Ayres is not very promising. The locusts and unfavourable weather have been disastrous to the agricultural interests, and the effect is beginning to be felt in the export trade of the country. The exports of wool, wheat, maize, linseed, and sheep-skins all show considerable decreases, while live cattle and sheep just hold their own. The gold premium is dropping, but good judges hold this to be produced by local and temporary causes, and should this not prove so, the export trade will suffer all the more.

The financial position of the Government is not much more favourable, and the possibility of carrying out the decree for the resumption of full payment of interest on the foreign debt depends greatly on large retrenchments in all branches of the public expenditure. Whether this can be carried out, in view of the approaching Presidential election and the general business depression, is a matter of some doubt.

The settlement of the provincial debts will for certain be brought forward, and Congress will be asked to approve of the arrangement arrived at by the province of Buenos Ayres. A great tip at the moment is to buy Entre Rios bonds, and for choice those of 1888, upon the proposed arrangement to give in exchange 65 per cent. of national bonds for the face value of the provincial debt and the arrears of interest. Should the scheme go through, the bonds now standing at something between 27 and 32 would be worth about 50, so that buyers at current rates would have a good profit; but those of our readers who are anxious for a gamble must not forget that one promising scheme has already broken down, and that in the present case there may be the same disappointment. Our estimate of the position is that a buyer might lose five points or make fifteen, and that, if he can afford to lock up what he buys, the speculation is a reasonable one.

SCHWEPPE'S SODA-WATER.

Again Mr. Hooley is bringing out a big concern, and again, we are sorry to say, we think the capital is too big. The business is admittedly one of the best industrial concerns in England, and has that which, in the case of some of Mr. Hooley's previous promotions, was conspicuous by its absence—namely, a good bagful of solid assets. The debentures, although no valuation is given, appear to be amply secured, while the preference and ordinary share capital dividend may be looked upon for some years as quite assured; but to ask the public to subscribe at par for the deferred shares appears to us as quite unwarranted by the figures stated in the prospectus. The profits for 1896 were £56,000, without providing for directors' remuneration, and the increase over the previous year was something less than £3000. To pay 7 per cent. on the deferred shares and directors' remuneration at £2500 a-year, the company must earn £75,000 in each twelvemonth, apart altogether from forming a reserve fund or carrying anything forward; in other words, to make the deferred shares worth par the increase of the profits must be £20,000 a-year at least. It is a great pity that a business which, like Huntley and Palmer, Bass, Bryant and May, and many more we could name, is quite a household word, should be weighted down with £350,000 of capital too much, to put the case mildly. The long-sighted investor will not rush blindfold at Mr. Hooley's promotions so long as this kind of thing is the order of the day.

NEW ISSUES.

Donald Smith, Limited, is a company formed to acquire the drapery businesses of Mr. Donald Smith of 169 to 171, Upper Street, Islington, and of Messrs. Lupton Brothers adjoining. The capital is £50,000, half in ordinary and half in 6 per cent. preference shares of £1 each, but the present issue is only 20,000 of each class. The profits are certified at over £3,000 per annum for the past two years, and the Board being composed of practical men, some of whom have been already associated with the business in a managerial capacity, it may reasonably be expected that the business will extend its operations in the future.

The Globe Cashier (British and Foreign), Limited.—We imagine no reader is likely to be foolish enough to provide any part of the £150,000 which the promoters hope to obtain for the patent rights of the Globe Cashier. In the good old days when Jack Cottam used to exploit ingenious inventions, his great soul would have revelled in the drawing of a prospectus for such a company as this, and the promoters might have spent twenty pounds to advantage in getting the little man to show them how it ought to have been done. Fortunately, the document is not calculated to extract much from anybody.

The Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund Jubilee Syndicate, Limited.—We have so often warned our readers against these Jubilee syndicates that we need hardly urge everybody who values his money to give this affair a very wide berth. Twenty-five per cent. of the net profits—after paying directors' fees?—is to be devoted to the Prince's Hospital Fund, which we hardly expect will benefit to a large extent.

Saturday, May 8, 1897.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

G. M. W.—Canadian Pacific debentures are a fair security, but English County Council and Corporation stocks are better and pay less interest. We should prefer Colonial Corporation stocks, such as Auckland 6 per cent. and 5 per cent. bonds or Wellington Waterworks. Surely some good English Industrial shares should suit you, such as Home and Colonial Stores or *Lady's Pictorial* 5 per cent. preference shares.

HIGHFIELD.—We have made careful inquiries as to Gladiators, and find that there is a reasonable prospect of the battery starting in August. The machinery is all on the mine and in course of being put up.

VIATOR REKAB.—(1) We think Skinner's Stock Exchange Year-Book, price about 12s. 6d. net, would suit you. It is published at No. 1, Royal Exchange Buildings, E.C. (2) The shares you have bought are all good industrials, but very high. (3) Buy—(a) *Lady's Pictorial* 5 per cent. preference; (b) C. Arthur Pearson's 5½ per cent. preference; (c) Imperial Continental Gas Stock.

VICTOR.—The copper shares depend on the future of the metal, which appears promising. All the other shares except Bryant and May are speculative, but not bad. We fancy *c* and *d* are over-capitalised.

W. B. S.—We should say No. 1 was very good holding, and the other two fair. Dor.—Both securities are fair holding, not, of course, first-class. We prefer No. 1.

G. W. J. (Freemantle).—We are much obliged for your interesting letter, but are afraid we cannot see our way to giving you a job.

H. J. S.—We think very well of Day Dawn Blocks. The annual report is about due. Victory (Charters Towers) shares are worth buying, if you can afford a further speculation, or Lady Shenton. Hold Little Chatham by all means.

G. B.—We should not average your holdings at present. The political situation, rather than any question of intrinsic merits, governs the prices of African shares at present.

HOBBLE.—(1) The value of the Taitapu Estate is, of course, problematical, but it consists of about eighty thousand acres, and gold has been found upon it. The company is a speculation, but, in our opinion, a good one. You bought shares far too high. (2) Don't average any West Australian shares just yet. (3) We have no reliable information.

MANDALAY.—(1) There is no cause for alarm; the stock is first-rate holding, and, if you bought higher, we should advise you to average. (2) It is very difficult to advise. You have had every chance of getting out at a profit. All depends on the Paris market, but we should hold for a slight improvement. (3) We hardly know what to say, but if we had the shares we should sell. Buy Victory (Charters Towers), Day Dawn Block, or Lady Shenton shares, in mines, or *Lady's Pictorial* 5 per cent. pref. shares, or Imperial Continental Gas stock.

ENQUIRER.—We should sell if the shares were our own. The price is about ½ discount, but the market is purely nominal, with no buyers.

M. A. H.—We answered your second letter on the 7th inst.

DOUBTFUL.—The company is a poor affair. Born in August 1892, it has not yet paid off its preliminary expenses and never made enough to pay a dividend. The capital subscribed is only £94,000 out of £500,000, and £18,829 is paid up. We think you run more risk of having to meet your liability of £4 a-share than of ever getting any of your money back.

HAMPTON.—We sent you the names of the brokers and the dealers in lottery bonds on the 6th inst., and hope you will find both satisfactory.

SOLD.—You had better consult a solicitor at once as to your claim against Gregory and Co. It is said the estate will realise about 12s. 6d. in the pound.

COMMERCIAL.—We would rather not advise you as to the value of the guarantee of the reconstructed Mortgage Insurance Company. Between now and 1905 many things may happen, and to look forward so far with anything like a chance of making an estimate would be absurd. We should not release the company for so small a payment as 2 per cent. if the case were our own.

R. J. S.—In our opinion the time has not yet come to pick up Australian mine shares. The Bamboo Consolidated we believe possesses a good property, but we do not like the lot connected with it. Northern Territories we would not touch with a barge-pole; and as to the New Zealand Company, we have no information as to its various holdings.

The directors of the Sweetmeat Automatic Delivery Company, Limited, have declared an interim dividend for the quarter ending March 31 last, and payable on June 1 next, at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum, as compared with 15 per cent. for the corresponding period of last year. The transfer-books will be closed from May 12 to June 1, both days inclusive.

The Midland and the Great Western Railway Companies have issued nicely illustrated pamphlets containing lists of farmhouses, seaside and country lodgings, hotels, and boarding-houses in the districts served by their systems.